

The TATLER

Vol. CLII. No. 1981.

London
June 14, 1939



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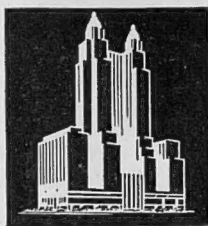
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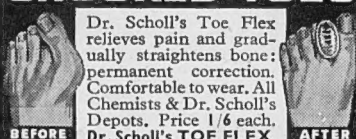
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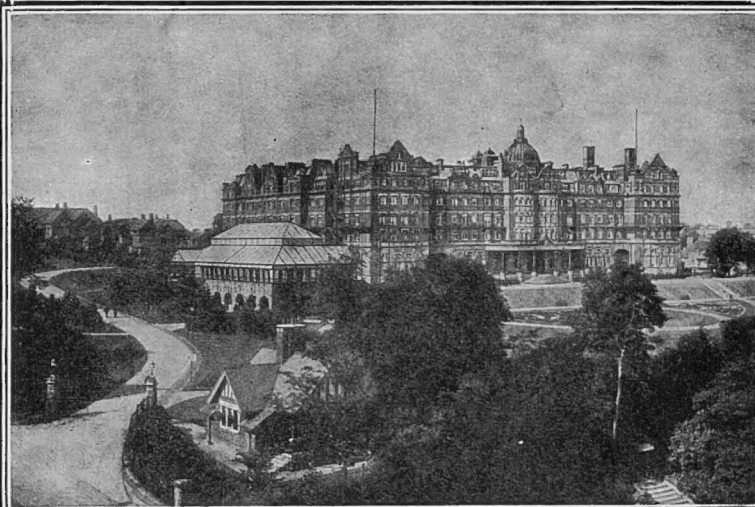
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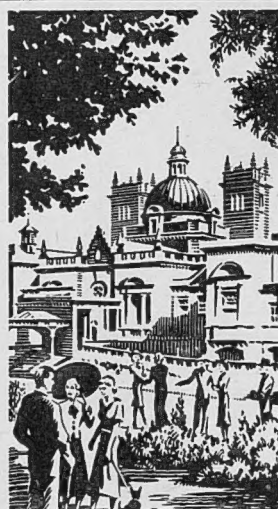
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Photo: Jane Haydon

VISCOUNTESS ANSON AND HER SON, PATRICK THOMAS JOHN

The baby is a godson of H.M. the Queen and grandson and heir to the Earl of Lichfield. Before leaving for Canada the Queen said she would be godmother to the baby. Lady Anson was before her marriage, Miss Anne Bowes-Lyon and is therefore Her Majesty's niece. Her wedding last year, at St. Margaret's, was attended by their Majesties and their two children, the Princess Elizabeth and the Princess Margaret

And the World Said—



Hay Wrightson

MISS PAULINE GOWER, C.A.G.,
DISTRICT COMMISSIONER FOR LONDON

Sir Robert Gower's air-minded and very attractive daughter is eminently qualified for her new appointment of Civil Air Guard District Commissioner for London and the Eastern Area. She is the only woman to hold "A" and "B" Instructors Flying Licences and a second-class Navigators' and Wireless Operators' licence. She was also a member of the Air Ministry Committee on Civil Aviation. Miss Gower likewise holds the women's record for taking up 30,000 passengers

THIS is flaming June; a romantic golden spell of weather, which may have broken by the time you read me, because a glorious Ascot would be almost too voluptuous after such an Epsom. We are not used to lavish bounties, or to letting ourselves go about anything, even weather, and least of all about love. Yet a modern Chinese philosopher, Lin Yutang, whose books are greatly esteemed by Anglo-Saxons, says: "It is passion that is the soul of life, the light in the stars, the lilt in music and song, the joy in flowers, the plumage in birds, the charm in woman, the life in scholarship." And who are we to contradict a celestial authority; we outwardly pompous, or genially flippant British, who have produced nearly all the great lyric poets since the Greeks had words for it, and who, according to an Armenian observer, one Arlen, think not with our



MR. BENJAMIN GUINNESS AND DONNA MARIA GUINNESS
EN ROUTE TO NAPLES

The picture was taken at Cannes aboard the tug which took them out to the liner *Rex*, bound for the beautiful place where Vesuvius is so busy at the moment. Donna Maria Guinness is a daughter of the late Duca di Mignano, and this was her first voyage on a liner. Mr. Guinness, a kinsman of Lord Iveagh, was formerly in the Navy and it was, therefore, hardly his first big ship experience



LORD AND LADY TENNYSON AT THE
THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY

They were busy at the fishpond when shot by the camera at this gay entertainment at Ranelagh last week. What the luck was is not reported, but the ex-cricketer captain of England might have made better practice at the coco-nut shies

minds but with our hopes, fears and desires. Romantic mugs are what we are, though we don't like admitting it, which is why there is something a trifle precious about Foyle's Book Club's decision to hold an informal discussion on "Is Romance Alive Today?" Three lady novelists, Ursula Bloom, Monica Dickens and Denise Robins are to lead this twittering inquiry in a men's dress shop in Piccadilly, on Thursday afternoon, when every man who can afford a grey top hat, and a great many more who can't, will be engaged by the Gold Cup on Ascot heath, where racing began under Marlborough's Queen Anne, who is dead. Romance is not. Few sights are more romantic than the racing scene; lovely women in lovely clothes, pretending to discriminate between fast horses. Only French artists can capture it. I remember Paul Maze painting in the paddock at Ascot two years ago, watched by a beautiful duchess (Buccleuch) with an elegant collector (Lord Ivor Churchill) and I hope Drian may be persuaded to do likewise. It is just his cup of slinky grace. Some experts fault his drawing, but the easy charm of that almost too effective stylishness is pulling people into Walker's Galleries, where his enigmatic picture of two women in the same blue dress is more than clever and pretty; consequently better than anything on view. It has that romantic nostalgia which is a little sad, like coming to the end of an emotion. Eat more fruit.

A racing romance of interest to Newbury and thereabouts, is the engagement of handsome "Biddy" Lloyd, whose real name is Diana, to Richard St. John Quarry. He was staying with her parents at Ferne, Highclere, for the summer meeting, of which more next week. Another good-looker who goes racing, Miss Diana Mills, is having an original retinue when she marries Mr. Patrick Smyly on July 10. Eight of her greatest friends, four of whom are already mothers, will act as *dames d'honneur*; the ninth, Mrs. Henry Cecil (Rohays Burnett of Leys) has had to refuse for the happiest of reasons. Mrs. Robert Riseley (Angela Manning); Mrs. Chomeley Harrison (Corisande Bellew); Mrs. Anthony Stocker (Peta Davis); Mrs. Erland d'Abo (Elizabeth Graham-Clarke, whose husband's brother marries Primrose Harbord on the 29th); Mrs. Robert Calvert (Monica Buxton); Mrs. Tom Butler (Rosemary Davidson-Houston); Mrs. Clive Graham (lovely Dorothy North) and Mrs. Francis Hopkinson (Ursula Tyldisley-Jones) will wear plain silver dresses with short sleeves and coloured embroidery on the cute-looking pockets. The bride believes in white and silver. Colin Wyatt, mountaineer, artist and skier (he captained Cambridge) had a country wedding, the guests including an international skier, Beryl Walter with her husband, and a St. Moritz curler and skater, Sir "Jimmy" Corry who is also Henley-minded. Having climbed several virgin peaks in New Zealand, this bridegroom thinks he is tired of Europe, so after the traditional ten days on the Riviera, they are going to settle in New South Wales, which decision will depress the ski-ing fraternity, for Colin Wyatt is liked as an original thing. Plenty of champions can ski, but he can play the concertina. I see that another artist,



Paterson

AT THE INVERNESS-SHIRE V.A.D. RALLY

Miss MacLennan, the Commandant, keeping a watchful eye on the proceedings with Laura, Lady Lovat, Lady Maud Baillie, eldest sister of the Duke of Devonshire and joint-Master of the High Peak Harriers, and Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Gough of Inshes. The Rally was held in the Forraline Park, Inverness

waving his expressive hands at the village mites who were appearing in a scene from *Midsummer Night's Dream* with us, he said, "you MUST say these lines in English." I protested that as the actors were all Scots he was asking the impossible, but "Steenie" withered me with—"Shakespeare wasn't." Half-Tennant, half-Wyndham, he was bound to remain an original. An original young man with a musical bent is the good-looking son of Sir Charles McCann, the Agent-General for South Australia. "Billy" McCann is to be seen at Glyndebourne, Covent Garden and all the big concerts, and it was music, as much as aviation business, which took him to Berlin for Whitsun. He heard two super Wagner performances, but though the opera was packed (wires jangled to get visitors' seats) applause was meagre in quantity and apathetic in quality. Possibly the Germans enjoy not being obliged to applaud something they love, after so much compulsory enthusiasm at military parades. The Potsdam lilacs were worth flying over for, which leads us to a nature note. K.I.M. pilots at Speke Airport have been taking particular trouble to avoid a patch of grass four inches square in the middle of the tarmac,

a skylark having built her nest there and raised three young subjects for the sonneteers. I wonder "Auntie Times" has not done a leader on this. Like the Whistler-Wilde classic—she will, my boy, she will.

* * *

My Brighton correspondent says he starts for Glyndebourne in full regalia after tea, most days, which is one better than the London devotees who dress after lunch. Brighton Races are on the 21st and 22nd, clashing only with distant Curragh and Newcastle, so those who fail to get it back at Windsor will find each other on the Downs, sharing the Channel air with a remarkable motley which is still Dickensian in essentials. The last Windsor meeting before Ascot was smart but hatless. Miss Sarah Norton in navy blue linen did not wear one, nor did Miss Vivien Kenyon-Slaney in a blue print, Mrs. Mark Ostrer (from *The Women*) wore more blue, and one of the neatest was Ella Atherton, in brown and white. The Maharaja of Rajpipla talked to Mrs. Sydney Wilkinson; Lord Hartington to Miss Kathleen Kennedy; Sir Melvill Ward (much saddened by the death of his grand pal "Phil" de Crespigny) to Mrs. Glorney. Others there—Cecil Pim, who is leading a country life with his new Scandinavian-born wife; "Johnny" Rylands; the inevitable Ian Galloway;



LADY PEEL (BEATRICE LILLIE)
AND MR. KENNETH CARTEN AT
THE "LOUISE" PREMIERE

The world flocked to hear Grace Moore in this film adaptation of Charpentier's opera given at the Carlton Theatre last week, and no more popular unit of our world than Beatrice Lillie was included in the audience

Mr. Stephen Tennant, has asked his house-keeper at Wilsford to enlist an all Arab male staff. "Steenie" always was a charming caution. As children in the war we wrote, produced and acted an ambitious open-air revue together and I shall never forget him painting the chorus with raspberry juice; or the thrilling anguish of rehearsals when,

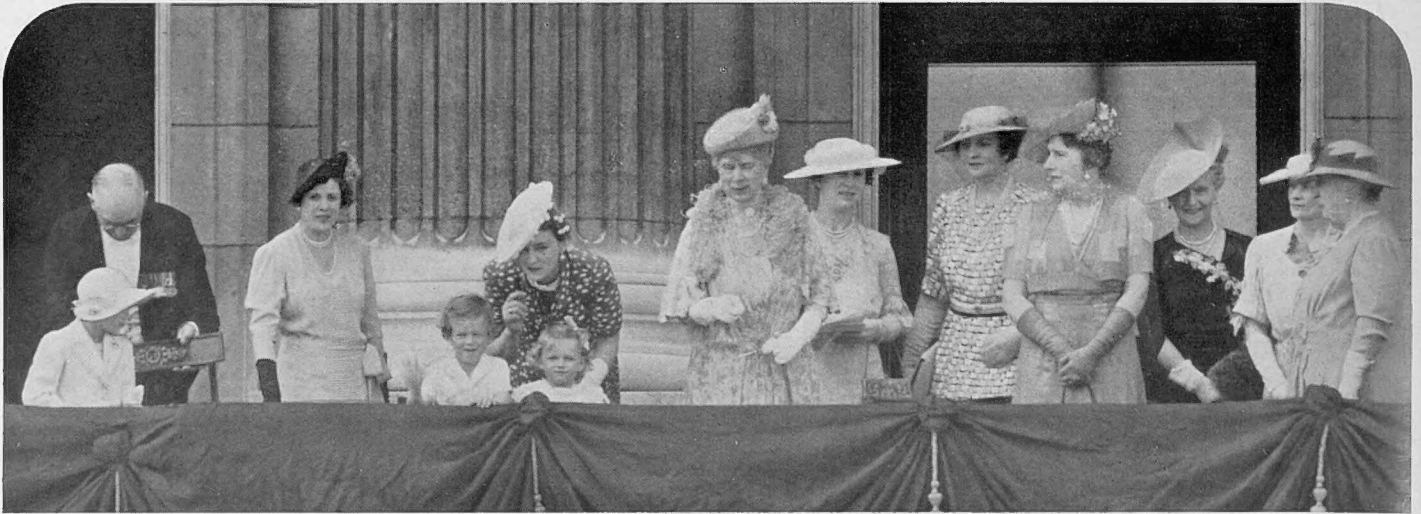
when,



Stuart

LADY LONG AND THE HON. MRS.
SOMERSET MAXWELL. (AT BACK)
THE HON. SOMERSET MAXWELL

In the Lords v. Commons match at Walton Heath the Hon. Somerset and Mrs. Maxwell beat Lady Long and Lord Allerton 7 and 6. More pictures on page 479



THE ROYAL GROUP ON BUCKINGHAM PALACE BALCONY AFTER THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR

H.M. Queen Mary, whose first public appearance it was since her accident, with other members of the Royal Family watching the Duke of Gloucester take the salute at the march past of the troops after their return from the Trooping of the Colour on the Horse Guards' Parade. The names are, left to right, Princess Margaret, Lady Maud Carnegie, the Duchess of Kent with Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra, Queen Mary, the Princess Royal, Lady Patricia Ramsay, Ex-Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain; Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone; the Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Helena Victoria

And the World said—*continued*

the Paris Singers; Muriel, Lady Bowden; and on the third day of their honeymoon, the Charles Palmers. The former Auriol Harbord's pale blue glengarry was observed. So was Jack Doyle's character costume for the Fourth of June—a bright blue coat, a Tyrolean hat, sun glasses and a pipe. He was walking in the High Street of Eton where Sir Neville Pearson was spotted among parents, Miss Susan North among young visitors. Lord and Lady Kimberley and son spent the Fourth at Roehampton where the Pandas played a little better than Adsdean which is not saying much. Polo is undeniably slow here this year. I wonder no one writes a little nearer the truth, without being unkind. As it is, the bouquets "Auntie Times" has been handing to inferior players only make people who know laugh heartily, but doubtless most first-rank correspondents are at Meadowbrook where Captain Humphrey Guinness would be if he were not serving. This popular polo player, who has been staying with our nicest polo couple, the Barclays, at Edmondsbury, is enjoying short leave from Palestine, where life is not exactly one long gala, although chaps on leave make very light of the monotony, and refuse to admit the existence of any danger! But they look tired enough, and I think the general public might be a little more appreciative in its attitude of mind toward our heroes on overseas service. I know they are paid to do it; but it is not nice work, and the fact that they are not all killed is no reason for forgetting their existence.

The best recruiting poster to date is unofficial but has appeared on the Stock Exchange—"The Army is run by a Jew; the Army is fed by a Jew; the Army is clothed by a Jew; so Onward Christian Soldiers, and Join the Navy." There was no ill-feeling from the Jewish element, in fact one of them is suspected of having made it up. It is certainly an advertisement for their great race, and Edna Ferber's wonderful autobiography is another; but while a good Jew is a vital asset to this or any country, there is a growing feeling that we have opened the doors too wide. London is submerged by refugees, many of whom are not good Jews, or even tolerable citizens. They criticize us while undermining our jobs. This is going on in spite of regulations designed to protect the trades and professions from unfair competition. There seem to be plenty of wealthy refugees, which is good news for the West End, but if they do not mend their pushing manners there may arise a wave of resentment against even the leading Jewish families, of whom England is justly proud (the late Sir Philip Sassoon was a supreme example of his race's innate culture, discrimination and usefulness) and, because you cannot control a wave, the good might be labelled with the bad. To arrest this unhappy but human reaction, Jewish industrialists, meaning men of influence like Mr. Simon Marks (who gives away half his income) and Mr. John Goodenday (who is opening a stocking factory for fifteen hundred hands in the most distressed part of Wales) should make speed to urge their people, especially refugees, to behave with becoming quietness and so avoid arousing racial antagonism at this difficult time. We don't want a Jewish question here. In

America it is a deplorable business, never represented on the screen or in the Press. The American Press is busting itself with the Royal Visit and the World's Fair, plus Meadowbrook. The British Pavilion is a huge success (unlike our Paris shame) although many exhibits are considered dull, but this is forgiven in the excitement over Mr. Anthony Wagner's heraldic shields. Mrs. Oliver Iselin, who is here now, sharing Lady ("Grace") Bingham's house in Eaton Square, says the most interesting things in the British Pavilion—incidentally a marvellous bit of hands-across-the-sea business—are the tracing of George Washington's pedigree, and the presence of Magna Charta, and other documents which show that the common stock and the common law are one.

The horse-loving world is certainly one big brotherhood; the inhabitants of Maryland, Virginia and South Carolina being more English than the English. I wish Their Majesties could have seen Charleston, the most beautiful old white town in the States, where the first shot of the Civil War was fired at Fort Sumter, and where the John's Island Stud began many winning lines of American bloodstock, from sires imported from Newmarket by Captain Fenwick and other eighteenth-century Carolinian bloods. A first edition of "The John's Island Stud, 1750-1788," by Fairfax Harrison, is one of many treasures recently collected at the Baltimore Museum of Art, for what was the finest hunting and racing exhibition ever held in America. I doubt if England could equal it. Harvey Ladew, who has just retired from the mastership of the Elkridge-Harford hounds after seven seasons, lent his collection of over a hundred porcelain foxes. Indeed he was the moving spirit of the show, aided by a former ambassador, Mrs. John Garrett, and all sporting Maryland. Messrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, S. Bryce Wing, M.F.H., and William Woodward (whose horses have a winning way at Ascot), lent pictures. Morland, Herring, Stubbs, Sartorius, Rowlandson and Munnings were represented; perhaps the finest Morland, *Drawing Covert*, being lent by Miss Patricia Grace. Mr. Ambrose Clark lent *Mr. Thomas Oldacre on Pickle* by Benjamin Marshall, and the famous picture by Henry B. Chalon of *The Raby Pack*. Mr. Victor Emanuel and Mr. Robert E. Strawbridge, who have both hunted here, and Mr. and Mrs. James H. R. Cromwell (Doris Duke to the dailies) lent pictures, as did Mr. J. Watson Webb, M.F.H., whose Benjamin Marshall is that delicious one called *Huntsman and Hounds*, never shown in America before. There were bronzes, prints, books and a decorative catalogue with scarlet end papers, featuring the map of the Maryland Hunt Cup course.

AN APOLOGY

In our issue of the 7th inst. we published a photograph of the Hon. Richard Lygon and Lady Beauchamp whom we erroneously described as his mother. She is, of course, his sister-in-law, his mother, the late Lady Beauchamp, having died some years ago. We wish to express our deep regret to all concerned for any annoyance and trouble this mistake may have occasioned.

Pictures of the Naughty Ninety Night are unavoidably held over until next week

NEWBURY IN THE BEST OF SUN



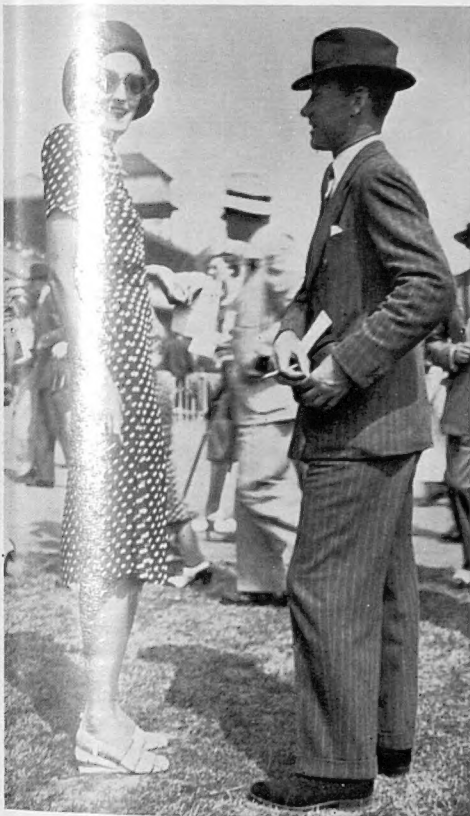
MR. EDMUND BEVAN WITH HIS DAUGHTER
MRS. FRANCIS VANE-TEMPEST



DISCUSSING MATTERS. MRS. ROBIN WILSON, SIR
MATHEW WILSON, AND THE HON. LIONEL MONTAGU



MRS. HUGH de ROUGEMONT WITH
ADMIRAL SIR BASIL BROOKE



MRS. ALEXANDER BARCLAY WITH
MAJOR M. G. RODDICK, FAMOUS G.R.



A TÊTE-A-TÊTE ON THE RAILS: MR. GUY
HARGREAVES AND MRS. GEORGE PHILIPPI



THE HON. MRS. VANDY BEATTY WAYLAYS
CAPTAIN CHARLES TREMAYNE IN THE STAND

All these pictures in the sun were taken at the real good day's racing, when Lord Glanely's stylish colt, Llandaff, who traces back on the dam's side to Grand Parade, the 1919 Derby winner, brought the money home in the 1½-miles Royal Plate, for which they backed Lord Astor's Point Blank down to a very short price. The going was hard, but fields, on an all round reckoning, good. The gallery was the same, and the camera scout managed to collect some of the leading lights who were there. The Squire of Hilston, Monmouth, Mr. Edmund Bevan, member of Newmarket, and a Steward of Chepstow, naturally enjoys a good day's racing as much as the next man. Sir "Scatters" Wilson, seen with the former Lady Jersey, was a 10th Hussar, and knows more about the racing game than most. A younger representative of the regiment (see Major Roddick) has something like a mortgage on the Grand Military. Mrs. Hugh de Rougemont's little boy's white hat was the admiration of all beholders. The gallant admiral is a brother of Lieutenant-General Sir Bertram Sergison-Brooke, formerly G.O.C. London District. Mrs. George Philippi, seen talking to Mr. Guy Hargreaves, is a sister of Lady Lisburne, and a fine shot and angler. Captain Charles Tremayne, passing the time of day with Mrs. Vandy Beatty, was non-playing captain of our 1930 International Polo side which had no better luck than our present one in their first match.

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

All About the Vernon Castles

EVERY critic with a quart of space to fill and a thimbleful of matter must bethink himself of the old village father who said to the vicar's daughter: "Sometimes, mum, I sits and thinks, and sometimes I just sits!" Sometimes the critic thinks and writes, and sometimes he just writes. Generally, he heads his lucubrations, "On Nothing." But I am not to write about nothing. I am to descant upon Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle who, twenty years ago, were all the world to most people. They were ball-room dancers.

My case is all the worse because I do not care for dancing in any form whatever. Or, rather, I like it only a little, and then only to look on at it in the way in which Sir Daniel Ridgeley in Pinero's play said: "A cat, yes. I like to watch a cat, occasionally." To begin with, I am not the right shape for dancing, and while I have no objection to people of my figure pirouetting in the privacy of their bathrooms, I hold it indecent that the rotund should exhibit themselves in a rotunda! I have admirable support in this matter, no less than that of the adorable Mary Russell Mitford: "What, indeed, should I do at a dance with my dumpling of a person tumbling about like a cricket ball on uneven ground, or a bowl rolling among nine-pins—casting off with the grace of a frisky Yorkshire cow, or going down the middle with the majesty of an overloaded hay waggon passing through a narrow lane? What should I do at a ball?" What should I do on your night club's few square yards of parquet flooring where people with their mouths full of lobster get up and proceed to jog it down in couples?

As for ballet, why, yes, I like to watch a ballet, occasionally, though it strictly depends upon the kind of ballet! Not long ago I was in Birmingham, and being absolutely unable to get in anywhere else, fell for the ballet. The scene represented an oasis in the desert, the oasis consisting of a large potted palm. On the most uncomfortable looking bed that imagination could devise was stretched a nasty old gentleman who didn't appear to have had a bath for years. In front of him a nice young gentleman, who obviously washed frequently, did a lot of skittering and scampering. Presently he produced a harp and plucked at it. Whereupon the old gentleman threw a spear at him, and a lot of young women came in looking like the contralto half of an oratorio chorus. Presently it was over, and I was left to debate the singular question: How comes it that ballet taken seriously produces no impression whatever upon me whose business in life it is to record the impressions made upon me in the theatre, and whose stock-in-trade, so to speak, is æsthetic sensibility? Yet the Birmingham worthies, who are not to be deceived in the price of tin mugs or vacuum cleaners, were to be seen in the interval running about the foyer with the air of bloodhounds æsthetically overcome! I like to watch a couple of able dancers tiptoeing and entrechatting. But twenty minutes of it is enough for me. I enjoy ballets like *Le Tricorne* and *Petrouchka*, which in the scale of drama rank to my mind on a level with *Punch and Judy*. But anything else seems to me to be nonsense, apart from delicious frolics like *Le Beau Danube* and *Gaieté Parisienne*. When somebody tells me that the Eroica Symphony is going to be danced I go grey with rage. For at the back of my mind

I have always held Lord Chesterfield's view of dancing. In a letter dated October 9, 1746, his lordship wrote: "Custom has made dancing sometimes necessary for a young man; therefore, mind it while you learn it that you may learn to do it well, and not be ridiculous, though in a ridiculous act."

Nothing that happens on the stage during a ballet is to me as amusing as the behaviour of the balletomane. The first thing to be observed about that wild fowl is his imperviousness to humour. Nothing tickles him. Elderly grotesques smirking in beards and sandals, opera cloaks, and polished craniums do not strike him as being amusing. Lissom, wasp-waisted little gentlemen with countenances greener than any carnation do not strike him as even odd. Horse-faced ladies ecstatically glooming are not deemed unusual. And so one could go on. Let us remember here how Miss Hermione Baddeley and her colleagues at the Little Theatre have gone over this subject repeatedly and to our unending joy. In this matter of ballet, then, I must be regarded as frankly a Philistine, looking upon it all as either pretty and meaningless or as ugly and meaningless. As acrobatics I think it may be fine; as an interpretation of this, that, and t'other I regard it as so much humbug. If I want to hear a symphony of Tschaiakowsky, Brahms, Berlioz or Beethoven, and none is playing at the Queen's Hall, I have no objection to closing my eyes and hearing it not quite so well played at Covent Garden. That a number of young people should at the same time be frisking about the stage seems to me to be neither here nor there, and anyhow entirely their own business. Presumably it pleases them, and I can arrange for it not to annoy me!

Have I said all this before? Probably. Shall I say it again? Certainly. I will admit that there is dancing and dancing. Even Mr. Shaw admitted that. It was during the time when he was dramatic critic of *The Saturday Review* that skirt-dancing first came into fashion, and here, in shortened form, is his explanation of that phenomenon:

"The stage is always liable to the incursions of beauteous persons whose misfortune it is to be unable to dance at all, and who suffer from a similar disability in respect of singing or acting. Some excuse being necessary for the exhibition of their charms on the boards, an unskilled accomplishment had to be invented for them. And this was the origin of the skirt-dance, or dance which is no dance, thanks to which we soon had young ladies, carefully trained on an athletic diet of tea, soda-water, rashers, brandy, ice-pudding, champagne and sponge-cake, laboriously hopping and flopping, twirling and staggering, as nuclei for a sort of bouquet of petticoats of many colours, until finally, being quite unable to perform the elementary feat, indispensable to a curtsy, of lowering and raising the body by flexing and straightening the knee, they frankly sat down panting on their heels, and looked piteously at the audience, half begging for an encore, half wondering how they would ever be able to get through one."

As against this Mr. Shaw had a magnificent panegyric of the perfect dancer "along whose limbs the rhythmic stream flows unbroken to the very tips of the fingers and roots of the hair, whose head moves beautifully, whose nape and wrists make the music visible, who can flex the spine at each vertebra more certainly than an ordinary person can flex his finger at each joint, and who is the personification of skill, grace, strength and health." Such dancers were Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, and the film at the New Gallery, *The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle*, exhibits them and their dancing. I can give it no higher praise when I say that sitting through it was quite agreeable. I was even sorry when it was over. I attribute this to the fact that, in addition to being the best pair of dancers of their kind, both Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are uncommonly capable players.



ANNABELLA STARS IN "HOTEL DU NORD"

This picture which had its première at the Paris Cinema last Friday, is a worthy successor to *La Bête Humaine*. Annabella, who in private life is Mrs. Tyrone Power, plays the leading female rôle with Jean Aumont as her opposite number. The story for the most part is very sad but beautifully acted, and ends up with the celebration of the 14th July and a really marvellous display of the Lambeth Walk

THE GOLFING COMMONS BEAT THE GOLFING LORDS



LORD SACKVILLE AND DAUGHTER, LADY ROMILLY (LEFT)
BEAT SIR LAMBERT AND LADY WARD 5 AND 4



JAMES BRAID (EXTREME RIGHT) TALKING TO MR. ROBERT GRIMSTON,
LORD GAINFORD, THE HON. MIRIAM PEASE AND MRS. GRIMSTON



CAPTAIN AUSTIN HUDSON AND MRS. ALAN DOWER (COMMONS
CAPTAIN) DEFEATED LORD WESTMORLAND AND LADY CARISBROOKE
(LORDS CAPTAIN) BY A HOLE



LORD WILLOUGHBY, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS
OF MARLBOROUGH AND LADY ASTOR

Photos: Stuart

The annual mixed foursomes match between the Lords and Commons, took place at Walton Heath, on Wednesday, 7th, when the Commons won by one rubber, thus repeating their first success in 1938. Before that, the Lords had won the trophy six times in succession. Lady Carisbrooke captained the Lords, and Mrs. Alan Dower, wife of the member for Penrith, captained the Commons' eight pairs, and as hardly needs recording, for the pictures speak for themselves, the battle was fought in the very best brand of weather that an English summer can produce. In the Captains' match, Major Alan Dower was to have partnered his wife, but he had to be busy up in Penrith, opening a fête, so Captain Hudson took his place, and most efficiently. Lord Gainford, the veteran representative of the Lords' team, put up the show of the day when he and his daughter, the Hon. Miriam Pease, won their match by three and two, and have every right to look pleased about it (*vide* group with James Braid). Everybody, winners and losers, enjoyed themselves, which, after all, was the main thing

(ON RIGHT) LORD AIREDALE AND MRS. BURT HALVED
WITH SIR MERVYN AND MISS MANNINGHAM-BULLER



Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

FROM earliest infancy one was brought up with the idea, fostered by every cartoon, that a bookmaker was a plethoric individual in a check suit so smothered in diamonds that on a sunny day he could only be looked at through blue glasses or the smoke screen of his huge Upmann. On the rare occasions when his book looked like showing a loss, he donned a false moustache and unobtrusively scampered during the running of the last race. While undoubtedly there have been tens of these operators and scores of credit merchants who change their names, send themselves losing wires in your name or plead the Gaming Act, there are *thousands* of punters who smoke equally large cigars, who make their bookmaker their first economy, settle when convenient or even not at all. They don't have to, and they don't even have to run for it. If the bookmaker is twenty-four *hours* late in settling, his name is mud and all those that owe him money make sure that it is even worse. His reputation is gone and he is finished. If the punter is twenty-four *weeks* late the grateful metalician bunches him with a gold-mounted fountain pen for Christmas. Some years ago a bookmaker was owed a "monkey" for seven years by a great friend and in the end wrote it off as a bad debt, merely putting the client's name on his black list of whom not to bet with.

Marrying a rich wife and changing his name by deed poll, the punter one day approached the clerk during the enforced absence of his superior in the bar. With that delicate handling of figures learnt from his master, the clerk gave the odds an affectionate squeeze and laid £1,200 to £200, about a 7 to 1 chance which duly connected with some ease starting at 4 to 1. Thus pinked under the fifth rib, but seeing the humour of the situation, the bookmaker forbore to send his cheque till the Wednesday, a delay which caused his client to send two prepaid wires and ask every one he saw whether they had heard if poor old ——— had taken the knock!

As a bookmaker, one soon discovers that even one's most trusted friends, models of probity and possibly in the running for a councillorship in their garden suburb, do not hesitate to use any possible slant to get to windward of the bookmaker. In a field of three runners an old and still valued friend asked me the price for placing the first two. I struck the bet to be told by him after the race that he owned a half-share in the third horse which, having no chance of winning, had occupied that position under his express instructions.

On another occasion on a big day at Newmarket, when my runner had got hung up in the crowd, a client came down to me to back a mare of Solly Joel's called "Prompt." When I offered 5 to 2 he fell back as though he had been struck savagely between the eyes. "You can't do that to me," he said. "I bet with you regularly and it's 4 to 1 all over the ring." With that abiding faith in one's fellow men which alone makes life worth living, I entered up four "ponies" just as my runner arrived to gasp out, "They're taking all the two's 'Prompt.'" After she had won by such a distance as to be almost unfair, I led my client to the bar and explained that while ever happy to drink with him, I had no desire for any further trade. That was many years ago, and I reckon now to be not more than half a dozen gin and tonics behind the game. What can one do with the lady who frequenting every members' enclosure and betting in pounds is found on stocktaking at the end of the season to have had a debit balance of a "tenner" for six months. The amount is trifling, but rather larger when there are two hundred odd in the same position. After about a dozen routine letters, I once approached one of these and with a suavity that would have made a professional dancing partner look churlish, asked if she would make the necessary

gesture to help us to settle our books. For answer, she opened her gold mesh bag and with a hand wearing an emerald the size of a visitor's soap tablet, she withdrew and pressed on me a soiled and crumpled "Bradbury." This, she said, was all she could possibly afford, as she hurried away to bet higher up the rails.

"To err," some poet once said, "is human," though many others would have us believe it is often divine. Errors in accounts are bound to be made occasionally; in fact, it is wonderful how few there are considering the speed the condition under which bets are struck. It is odd, however, the proportion of claims of under payment or wrongful debits as compared with the number who point out over payment or over credits. In case of errors it being accepted that both sides may be wrong, the sum is usually halved. Only last year I was wrongly (in my opinion) debited with £20 and halved it with the bookmaker. Only a fortnight later the same man wrongly (in my opinion) credited me with £40. Working on the same analogy I won a tenner.

Bookmaking is not the easy business it was in the old days when any one could get up with a book and a pencil, write down every bet that came along and come out a good winner. Gentlemen in Dundreary whiskers and Newgate fringes eating champagne lunches on coaches would be begged ever so prettily by their *inamoratos* to back a horse for them because it had got thin legs, or they liked its name or the jockey's face. The poor sucker had no chance of "drawing" if it got beat,

he couldn't put less than a "pony" on without appearing mean and losing his job and his only satisfaction was cutting the girl's stays when she got the "vapours" over a winner.

Nowadays the man can hardly get near the rails for the throng of well-informed women who supped with the owner, gave the jockey a lift to the course and are "as one" with the man who does all the commissions.

With the mass of good information available and the increased charges for bookmakers that large cigar may try to conceal a very bad week.

The last news is that Rockefeller misses Ascot and that Scottish Union is doubtful. A sad disappointment all round.



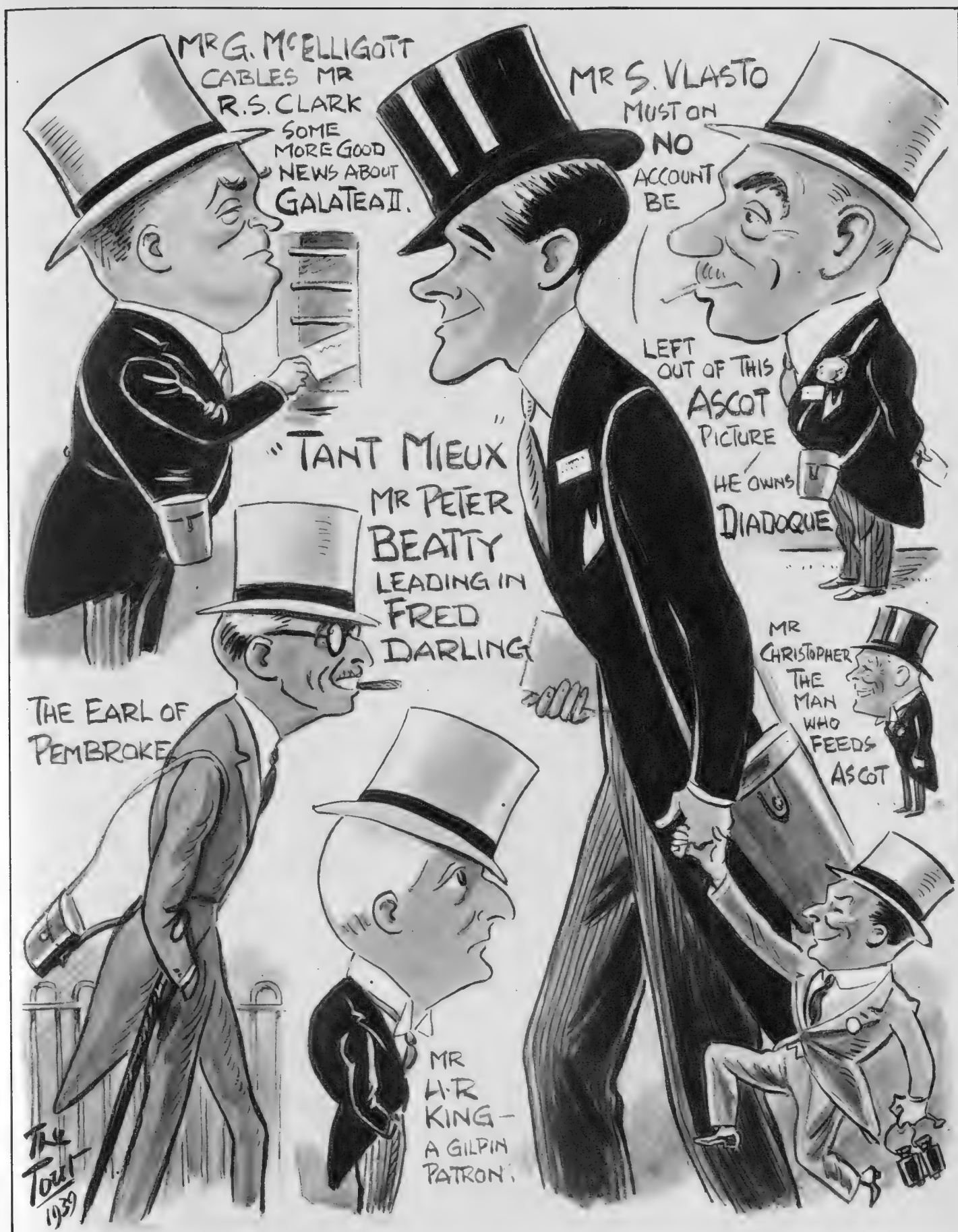
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NORFOLK AT LEWES

Her Grace had one running in the Southdown Open Welter, Ticca Gari, ridden by Mr. J. Hislop, which finished third to Prince Aly Khan's Al Qaim, ridden by the owner and Diplome D'Honneur. A ticca gari is an Indian shandrydan or cab. The Duchess of Norfolk's candidate started a hot favourite



CONTRASTING HATS AT LEWES

Miss Rosemary Nevill, who is a granddaughter of the late Hon. Ralph Nevill, in a very becoming sailor and Mrs. Kenneth Urquhart in a variation of the turban. The King's weather they had at Lewes was of good augury for Ascot



CERTAIN STARTERS FOR ASCOT: BY "THE TOUT"

A few of those upon whom the prudent will no doubt keep their eye during this week, for they are all likely to be in or near the money. For instance, Mr. McElligott is the American manager for Mr. R. S. Clark, who was not here in person to see his Galatea II. win the One Thousand and the Oaks. Tant Mieux is lucky Mr. Peter Beatty's smart two-year-old, trained by Fred Darling, who is in tow. Mr. Christopher is certainly one of those to have batting on your side, for Letherby and Christopher feed the populace at that meeting. Mr. S. Vlasto owns Diadoque (won last time out at the Epsom Summer Meeting Heathcote Stakes, and they say is due to win again soon). The likenesses of Lord Pembroke and Mr. H. R. King are such speaking ones, that they can be left to do all the talking for themselves



MRS. EBEN PIKE ("OLIVE SNELL") AND HER SON

"Olive Snell," the well-known portraitist, is holding a show of her recent paintings at the Redfern Gallery, 20, Cork Street, until the 24th of this month, and none of her countless admirers are likely to miss a chance of going to it

them by father, and the opportunity to show off before their friends the fact that they are not idly sitting at home, but are members of the working rich. Mannequin parades, flower shops, second-row chorus and provincial repertory companies are full of them. They ask no other privilege than those accorded to girls who are obliged to work for their living, except the granting of short-leave for a headache or a smart social engagement. Miss Monica Dickens, however, thought of something which was not only more original, but infinitely more amusing—if the close study of human nature in circumstances which encourage it to be very human be your idea of experience. She is the great grand-daughter of Charles Dickens, was presented at Court, finished abroad, and entered the social whirl of London only to discover (as most intelligent girls do), that it is as futile as it is boring.

So she decided to become a cook-general, or, at any rate, a cook. And her book, "One Pair of Hands" (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.) is an account of her domestic enterprise. In the beginning her first employers appeared to be on the—shall we say "lousy" side? But one's utter dislike of them is somewhat tempered by the suspicion that they probably found Miss Dickens, as cook-general, no gift from heaven to any kitchen. Quite inexperienced, she took on the job of cooking dinners in the houses of people who engaged her for that evening with the intention of making a splash before a group of their smarter acquaintances. There were some uncomfortable moments as the dinners were served, but, on the whole, Miss Dickens came through with her reputation of being a "special" cook not too deeply sunken in the mud.

True, in her desire to keep her various employers anonymous she mixes up their personal history in a way which is at times disconcertingly puzzling. So that a

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Lady Slavey.

It isn't often that the daughters of monied parents can strike out a new line of earning some kind of a living for themselves. Their personal requirements are, as a rule, so restricted. For the most part they consist of three demands. Work, but with the liberty to go to parties when these parties look as if they were worth going to. Sufficient wage to augment comfortably whatever pin-money is given

"Miss" is later on referred to as a "Mrs." and a bachelor establishment, when viewed in retrospect, seems later to contain a sister, if not a wife, and is referred to in the plural. But who very much cares? The type of certain employers is here for all applicants after domestic labour to shudder at. The best place of all, from the reader's point of view, is the one which she takes as cook in a large establishment in Devonshire, where there is a butler, footmen, and a host of other servants. And it must be remembered that while in service she was, so to speak, herself anonymous. An old hat and some old clothes and the apparent ability to talk servants' hall without the least suspicion of having had her education finished off abroad or having been presented at Court, carried her through without anybody being the least suspicious that society was banging about the pots and pans.

It is all very entertaining to read, brightly written, and, greatest virtue of all, you get to like the writer herself more and more as she goes on and becomes more efficient. She is always good company, and if her book proves anything it proves once again that the famine in domestic labour is really nothing to be astonished at. Though my own opinion is that if the famine ever ceased and manna, in the shape of perfect "treasures," ever fell from heaven, there would be a sudden dearth in the conversation of millions of middle-aged women and the symbol of South Kensington households all over England would be rapt in flabbergasted hush. But that famine is not likely to be assuaged until domestic work is recognised as domestic science and no longer open to any girl, with one pair of willing, or unwilling, hands, who knows she can get a job so soon as she puts her name down on an agent's book, or doesn't for that matter.

Miss Dickens tells us it is not so much the work as the interruptions which make the life of a servant one long picking-up-and-putting-down. So that it may be said that so long as the maid is in the house she is always on duty, or until her snores resound through the house for even her mistress to take the hint. In the one-maid house this perpetual *qui vive* is intensified. Moreover, a kitchen is not the ideal place for any hour of ease; nor is even a bedroom of one's own much of a retreat when at any moment a bell may ring or a voice call up the stairs. They do these things better in America, where a domestic is something of a specialist: she comes, she does her job, and she goes. And if, so to speak, Aunt Amy comes unexpectedly to dinner, Aunt Amy's niece has to set about and do things. You will certainly learn a lot about the servant problem in Monica Dickens' "One Pair of Hands," and you will understand through it a little clearer exactly why it is a problem at all. The inexperienced mistress is as great a difficulty in the way of its solution as the inexperienced maid. Moreover, this I will say of the book: it makes life below stairs a reality, an amusing reality as well as one which, willy-nilly, has to be faced, though every luncheon and tea-party where middle-aged women are gathered together and clothes, as a conversational subject, have been talked dry, become angry the moment they have to face it.

Personal Record of a Business Man.

Usually, when successful business men write about themselves, they always seem to imply that any of their youthful readers can be equally successful if only they will follow the precepts propounded by the writers. It is very kind and generous of them, but, honestly, I should be surprised if ever it does much good. To elderly men, with all their mistakes behind them, I can well imagine that these precepts are an inspiration. But then, if only we could have our time

(Continued on page 484).



LT.-COLONEL CUTHBERT THORNHILL, C.M.G., D.S.O.

A portrait by a brilliant artist, Herbert Markiewicz, who is giving an exhibition of his pictures at the Palser Gallery in King Street, St. James's

THE THEATRICAL GARDEN: BRIGHTER THAN EVER IN THE SHINING SUN



WALK UP! WALK UP! FOR THE GRAND GIGGLE! BINNIE HALE
AND CLIFFORD MOLLISON—"BARKERS"!



THE OLD FIRM BUSY AT THE RACE GAME: ROBERTSON HARE
AND ALFRED DRAYTON



IVOR NOVELLO AND MARY ELLIS,
TYROLEAN GARDENERS



LUCKY BUDDY ROGERS AND MARY
PICKFORD (WIFE)



UP TO WEIGHT AND CARRIES A LADY:
NELLIE WALLACE

This gay party was even gayer than ever—thanks to the benevolent behaviour of King Sol, and from all accounts that most deserving cause, the Actors' Orphanage, benefited greatly. The President, Mr. Noel Coward, did his bit nobly in the Garden Club, and in this followed the rule of his predecessor, poor Gerald du Maurier, whose speciality used to be "The Grand Giggle" theatre, which he initiated. This year the leading lights of its show were Binnie Hale and Clifford Mollison, who went on repeating performances of a musical comedy, *The Boat Race Girl*, till their heads must have gone round. The Old Firm (Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton) did a brisk trade "playing the horses," and Ivor Novello and Mary Ellis, his leading lady in his *Dancing Years*, had plenty of customers in the Tyrolean Garden. Ivor's costume quite complete in picture bar hat with shaving-brush at back. If anything more were needed to enhance the joy of the hour it was the arrival of Mary Pickford and her devoted Buddy, she, so it is said, being over here to make a picture. As to Nellie Wallace's horses, report says that their cavortings were enough to make even the huntsman to the Quorn sick!

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

over again—knowing life as we know it now—few of us would be failures. Or so we think! Money-making, however, I have long come to the conclusion, is an art which is born in you—like music or painting or getting your own way. It may be easily developed, but only if the genius is there in the germ, so to speak. Hard work alone won't achieve it. Lots of men work hard all their lives, only to be glad of the old-age pension at sixty-five. Besides, getting-on is a whole-time job. It cannot be shared with much amusement, much gadding-about, or even love—unless heaven sends you that well-nigh unique woman who can live an interesting personal life of her own, by herself, without demanding from her husband any greater companionship than a tired man can give her at the end of a tiring day.

If success is to be a man's goal there must be no interruptions even for dallying awhile. The gift of saving one hundred pounds and turning it into two, and from two into ten, and so on, until wealth has been achieved, is a flair, and if you have not been born with it I very much doubt if you can ever achieve it. Nevertheless, I always admire any man with a flair. It is the prelude to adventure. And whether it ends in Park Lane or Bow Street I can easily believe that its possessor has had a lot of exciting fun in his life. It is the restlessness of imagination born in those who are dull, without being dull enough, which makes existence so often a program of maddening frustrations.

Mr. George Cross's autobiography, "Suffolk Punch" (Faber and Faber; 15s.), is the unusually interesting account of a man who set out to make a fortune, made it, and yet kept in view, albeit in the background, his desire for another kind of life, totally opposed to the inspiration of money-making and not to be indulged in until sufficient money had been made. He knew his goal even when he was a schoolboy, and he followed his vision relentlessly until it became a reality. Born of Suffolk yeoman stock, his father was a Hampstead butcher. He told his son that he had set out with the intention of saving one hundred pounds before he was twenty-one and a thousand pounds before he was thirty. So his son decided that he would save two hundred pounds before he was twenty-one and ten thousand pounds before he was thirty. And he did! And how he did it, and, so to speak, off his own bat, too, makes as good an autobiography of a business man as any I have ever read.

Naturally it is the story of a long series of risks, but never blind risks. He knew his business and he knew its pitfalls but he realised at once that the only way to avoid pitfalls is, as it were, to take your coat off and get down to the job yourself. Starting as a very junior clerk in a West End house of estate agents, he ended up by becoming the owner and director of several first-class hotels and restaurants, and the ground landlord of the once-village of Edgware, now in its present development of being a real town. And all this achieved before he was forty! And what he has done any

man can do—providing he has the business flair. Providing, too, that he denies himself all those often so-called pleasures without which most young men can't believe life to be worth living. Providing, too, that he makes every working day a sixteen-hour one at least. Providing, too, that he doesn't clutter up his life with romance; or, at least, has the strength of will to cut himself adrift when that romance becomes little more than a clutter. Providing, too, that he knows what he wants from the beginning and goes out to obtain it; and providing, too—if he is as wise as George Cross—he realises that a large fortune not earned before the age of forty is a large fortune almost as good as wasted.

In early middle age Mr. Cross severed most of his more pressing business connections, bought and retired to a charming estate in Wiltshire, and there lived the life of a country gentleman-farmer:

which "love" was as much in his blood as was his flair for big business. And how was it all done? Well, here are a few of the hints: "Become master of your craft; if you cannot do so during the day study at night." "No matter how little you earn, save some of it, week by week, month by month." "Take stock at the end of each year to check the progress you have made." "Look, think and plan five years ahead." "Be ruthless, unscrupulous even, but never dishonest." "Don't wait for something to turn up—go and turn something up." "Ever have an eye for and treasure the beautiful in life—art, literature, and, above all, the countryside. The love of such things keeps us sane."

Thoughts from "Suffolk Punch."

"Deathbed promises are terrible things, and should never be asked or kept unless for the greater good."

"In business it is much more important to get agreements in writing with friends and relatives than with strangers."

"A man who never makes a loss never makes anything."

Very Pleasant Playfulness.

I don't suppose Patience McElwee expected her story, "Roman Holiday" (Bles; 7s. 6d.), to be taken seriously, but, in any case, nobody could.

But it makes very pleasant reading, because it is a light story told with a nice sense of humour. Briefly, the central figure is Lady Mercy, who, at forty-three, takes up dowdiness and philanthropy as one seeking a second renewal. Her forte is marrying people off. In her enthusiasm she tries to marry the wrong people to the wrong people, and is always too silly to realise that the couples are sorting themselves out nicely behind her back. She loves holding strings. At one moment it looked as if she would relinquish them only at death. But she herself makes a surprising marriage, and that gives her so many new strings to pull that the old ones are forgotten. Which is very nice for all concerned. Especially for her son, Charles, who had never been allowed by his mother to grow up—or, at any rate, grow apart.



CLARE BOOTHE ARRIVES IN LONDON AND SEES HER OWN PLAY, "THE WOMEN"

The very talented authoress of that amusing play all about various kinds of "cats," is now with us in London, and living at Claridge's. She has said for publication that she detests all the people in her play, but has added that the men are just as bad as the women. *The Women*, however, continues to make all London laugh and fill the Lyric Theatre to capacity.

TIDWORTH TAKES TEA WITH ITSELF



MRS. W. K. CHAMBERLAIN WITH THE
G.O.C. SOUTHERN COMMAND, LIEUT.-
GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD WAVELL



LIEUT.-COLONEL C. AND THE HON. MRS.
NICHOLSON WITH MRS. KNOWLES



SIR BASIL PETO AND HIS SON,
LIEUT.-COLONEL CHRIS PETO,
C.O. 9th LANCERS



AT THE POLO: CAPTAIN BISHOP,
MRS. MACDONELL AND MISS DE BURGH



ALSO MISS GRAHAM-JONES
AND MISS SUSAN SYKES



Photos: Truman Howell
BRIG.-GENERAL D. J. E. BEALE-BROWNE
AND HIS DAUGHTER

This Southern Command Tea-Party had more to do with an Inter-Regimental polo tie, which the 10th R.H. and the 9th Lancers fought out, than comfortable Bohea; but in the intervals of the hectic battle (the 10th winning by 9 to 8) people had a moment or two to think of other things. The G.O.C. Southern Command gave his patronage to the occasion, and Mrs. Chamberlain, to whom he is talking, is a cousin by marriage of the Prime Minister. Colonel Nicholson, whose wife is a sister of Lord Sudeley, commands the 16th-5th Lancers, at present "lying" at Risalpur, India. Colonel Chris Peto commands the 9th Lancers and was all changed and ready to go into action if needed. Lower in the page is General Beale-Browne, who is Colonel of the 9th and came to lend support, as many thought the 9th might beat a weakened 10th team (now minus the C.O. and Major Roscoe Harvey). Mrs. Macdonell (*vide* with other interested parties) is also 9th, her husband being a Major in the regiment



THE BROCKENHURST MANOR GOLF CLUB CELEBRATIONS

To celebrate the club's silver jubilee they put on a four-ball, better-ball exhibition match featuring H. Cotton, Laurence Ayton, Reginald Whitcombe, and Percy Alliss. Ayton and Whitcombe went round in 69; Alliss took 65 for 17 and Cotton's fantastic performance produced a 62; 32 out and 30 home. The above photograph was taken before the start, and shows (l. to r.) L. Ayton, H. Cotton, R. Whitcombe, and P. Alliss

I HOPE, when this appears, to be in Portrush, which my map tells me to be on the top right-hand corner of Ireland. I look forward to the visit for quite a number of reasons. Firstly, like all other small boys, I remember learning, among a welter of useless geographical information, all about the Giant's Causeway, and intend to make a pilgrimage from Portrush to see it. Again, I have never seen Portrush, and people have been telling me for years what a tremendous links it is. Having always believed them, I look forward to putting their words to the test. Finally, they are playing the Women's Open Championship there, and I want to test another opinion that has gradually been forming in my mind—to wit, that women do not play golf as well now as they did three or four years ago. Not that the "standard of women's golf" in Great Britain makes one ha'porth of difference to players, watchers, journalists, or anyone else, but it is always entertaining to prove one's self right or wrong.

I watched the international match against France at Bramshot and was hugely impressed with André Vagliano's eighteen-year-old daughter, Lally. She is the present champion of France and has also won the Girls' Championship over here. How a girl with wrists the thickness of a man's thumb can propel the ball upwards of 250 yards, even granted fast-running ground and a breeze behind, defeats me, yet this is what she was doing. Miss Elsie Corlett, by no means a short

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

player, was outdriven handsomely by this slim young girl's perfect timing. Her iron shots, too, were a delight to the eye, picked cleanly off the turf, but her short game is rather indecisive and unreliable. She has not the physique, I think, which may well be a blessing in the end, to become a world champion, but she is certainly a living proof at the moment that great strength is *not* required in order to return the golfing penny.

Henry Cotton, I see, has been slaughtering the innocents again and bowling the spectators over like nine-pins. It must be no mean occurrence to be struck on the head by one of his drives, and I am happy to learn that the spectator whom he inadvertently struck at Brockenhurst is none the worse for it, though it looked ugly at the time. Cotton had a similar mishap two or three years ago in the final of the *Yorkshire Evening News* tournament at Sand Moor. I remember he slightly cut his second, a blind shot, to the sixteenth and felled a man in a bowler-hat. The victim was carried away to his home near by and soon made a complete recovery.

It is always extraordinary to me, when you think that a ball in wet weather will bury itself three or four inches in the ground on pitching, that more serious injuries are not caused by golf balls. Never a championship goes by without I see at least a dozen shots pitch among the spectators, yet no one ever seems to be seriously hurt.

I may have recorded it before, but this seems a suitable opportunity to do it again, that I now have a golfer's insurance policy. The standard price is ten shillings per year, plus five extra if you want it valid for the Continent, and almost any big insurance company deals in them. They cover you not only for striking, and being struck by, other golfers, but

also for theft, loss, and breakage of your clubs. I may say that, feeling a trifle guilty, I got back my premium very soon after taking out the policy, by breaking a steel-shafted No. 2 iron when playing from perfectly soft and innocuous semi-rough at Rye.

Richard Chapman, the American golfer who recently played Jacques Leglise in the final of the French Championship, was telling me a hair-raising tale on the way down from Hoylake. It appears that a month or two ago he was practising on his home course when

his ball struck a woman who was having a lesson from the professional. Up rushed her husband, and a pretty scene ensued. Result: Chapman has to be back in New York by the end of the month to attend court, where the husband is suing him for 50,000 dollars. The moral of the case is this: that a few weeks previously Chapman had increased his golf insurance to 100,000 dollars. What a prospect if he had not been insured at all!



"They're following us for the worms, sir!"

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



THE ROYAL CROMER GOLF CLUB—By "MEL"

In the days when golf-courses had to be taken pretty much as Nature made them without the aid of "make-up," Cromer was a links of some considerable fame. The eighteen-hole course laid out by "Old Tom" Morris in 1895 was the scene of the Ladies' Open Championship ten years later, which was won by Miss Bertha Thompson. Since that time the Royal Cromer Golf Club has had the advice of J. H. Taylor and James Braid in various alterations and extensions. Owing to the remarkable configuration of the ground, Cromer provides one with three entirely different types of holes. In the centre of the line of cliff which forms the seaward boundary of the links, the ground rises into a gorse-clad bastion, known as Target Hill. On the landward side of this the ground falls away in a series of irregular folds, rising again into a minor ridge near the club-house. At the farther end of the course the ground slopes steeply down into comparatively flat country towards Overstrand. Strangers will always be assured of a very warm welcome from the very sporting lot of members

AN IMPORTANT CHARITY AFFAIR AND A RITZ GALA



THE FORTUNE THEATRE IN-AID-OF
PERFORMANCE: MR. IAN C. MARSHALL
AND MRS. CECIL BROWNHILL



PROGRAMME-SELLERS: THE HON. GRANIA
GUINNESS AND MRS. ALEXANDER POLIAKOFF



TWO MORE WHO HELPED SWELL THE
PROCEEDS: LADY BLANE AND DAUGHTER
HELEN



THE RITZ REOPENS FOR DANCING: BRIG.-GEN.
EDWARD SPEARS WITH THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE

The first three photographs on this page deal with a very deserving charity—the Maternity Convalescent Home at Farnham, Surrey, in whose aid a performance of Noel Coward's *The Marquise* was given at the Fortune Theatre. Among those who worked very hard to fill the theatre was Mrs. Cecil Brownhill, widow of the late Major Cecil Brownhill, Irish Guards. Two other hard workers were Lord Moyne's daughter, the Hon. Grania Guinness and Mme. Poliakoff, who is the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Montagu's only daughter. Lady Blane brought her daughter Helen,



NEWLY-MARRIED MR. AND MRS. "TEDDY"
WAGG SNAPPED IN THE FOYER



MR. "FREDDIE" CHILDE BROUGHT ATTRACTIVE
MISS FRANCES RONALDS TO SUPPER

who is one of our foremost skiers. The other pictures were all taken at the Ritz, which has just opened its portals again for dancing. The camera caught Lady Carlisle, the former Miss Bridget Hore-Ruthven, pinning a carnation into Brig.-General Edward Spears' buttonhole. General Spears' wife is the famous American novelist, Mary Borden. Mrs. "Teddy" Wagg, when photographed with her husband, was looking quite lovely in a red dress. Miss Frances Ronalds, is the daughter of a famous New York hostess, Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Ronalds



ANOTHER ASQUITH

Annabel visits the studio with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Asquith



MR. AND MRS. MICHAEL ASQUITH AND DAUGHTER

Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street

The arrival of another step-great-grandchild for Lady Oxford and Asquith, her fourth, if we mistake not, was signalled on March 25. This was Miss Annabel Asquith, lately introduced to the camera by her admiring parents. Mrs. Michael Asquith is the former Miss Diana ("Didy") Battye, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Percy Battye and Mrs. Leonard Hackett. Her husband's father, Mr. Herbert Asquith, is the eldest surviving son of the great Liberal statesman, and his mother, Lady Cynthia Asquith, charming, literary and chief beneficiary under the will of J. M. Barrie, whose secretary she was for many years, is a daughter of the late Lord Wemyss. Mr. Herbert Asquith has bought the country home he and Lady Cynthia had been searching for for years, namely Dr. (The Citadel) Cronin's house at Storrington, in Sussex



ALETHEA LADY MANTON TAKES A STROLL WITH HER SON



AS ALSO DID LADY ROSABELLE BRAND WITH HER SON

FLOREAT ETONA—FLOREAT FLOREBIT—



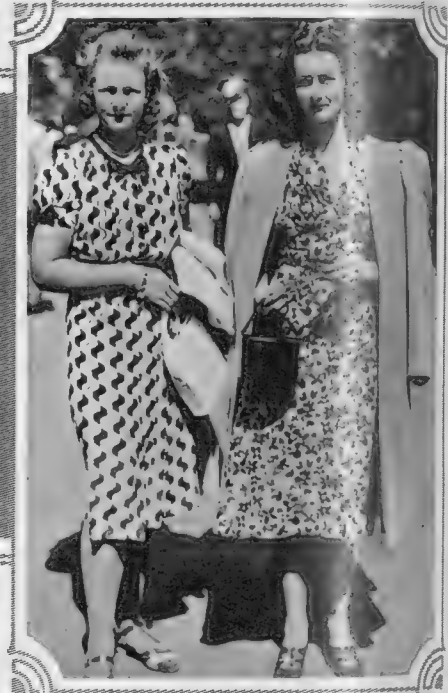
A FAMILY PARTY: THE EARL OF DALKEITH, LADY CAROLINE SCOTT, LADY ELIZABETH SCOTT AND THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH



AN OLD ETONIAN AND HIS WIFE: MR. G. C. NEWMAN AND LADY JOAN NEWMAN



MRS. GEOFFREY COLEMAN AND SON DAVID WATCH THE CRICKET ON UPPER CLUB



TWO UNATTACHED LOVELIES: MISS PENELOPE THOMAS AND MISS "BOO" BRAND



The Fourth of June at Eton has nothing whatever to do with the kingly founder, the sixth Henry, and though that numeral is so intertwined with Eton history, which dates from 1440, it is to George III. that she owes the institution of the gay holiday. It may therefore have been the finger of fate which compelled it to be held on the 3rd this year. Umbrellas were quite superfluous, and, anyway, no Etonian has ever been able to furl one. A case in point, the Hon. Joseph Manton. The Fourth is really friendly relations day, and this page is full of evidence, including the ex-Foreign Secretary and son. Also note Mr. G. C. Newman, who took 49 off the Eton bowlers for the Ramblers, who won very comfortably, a not very unusual happening

ON LEFT: (L.-R.) SIMON EDEN, MR. ANTHONY EDEN, MRS. NORMAN AND MRS. ANTHONY EDEN

EVEN WHEN THE FOURTH OF JUNE—IS THE THIRD



ANOTHER LARGE FAMILY PARTY TAKING A TURN: MISS LORNA HARMSWORTH, THE HON. ESMOND HARMSWORTH, MISS ESME HARMSWORTH, LORD ROTHERMERE AND VERE HARMSWORTH



MR. ALEXANDER AND LADY ANN ELLIOT POSED VERY NICELY FOR THE CAMERA



ANTHONY LYTTTELTON ESCORTED THE HON. MRS. KEITH ROUS



EN ROUTE TO TEA: MISS VIVIEN MOSLEY, MR. NICHOLAS MOSLEY AND LADY RAVENSDALE



SISTER OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND: LADY AMY COATS WITH HER SON

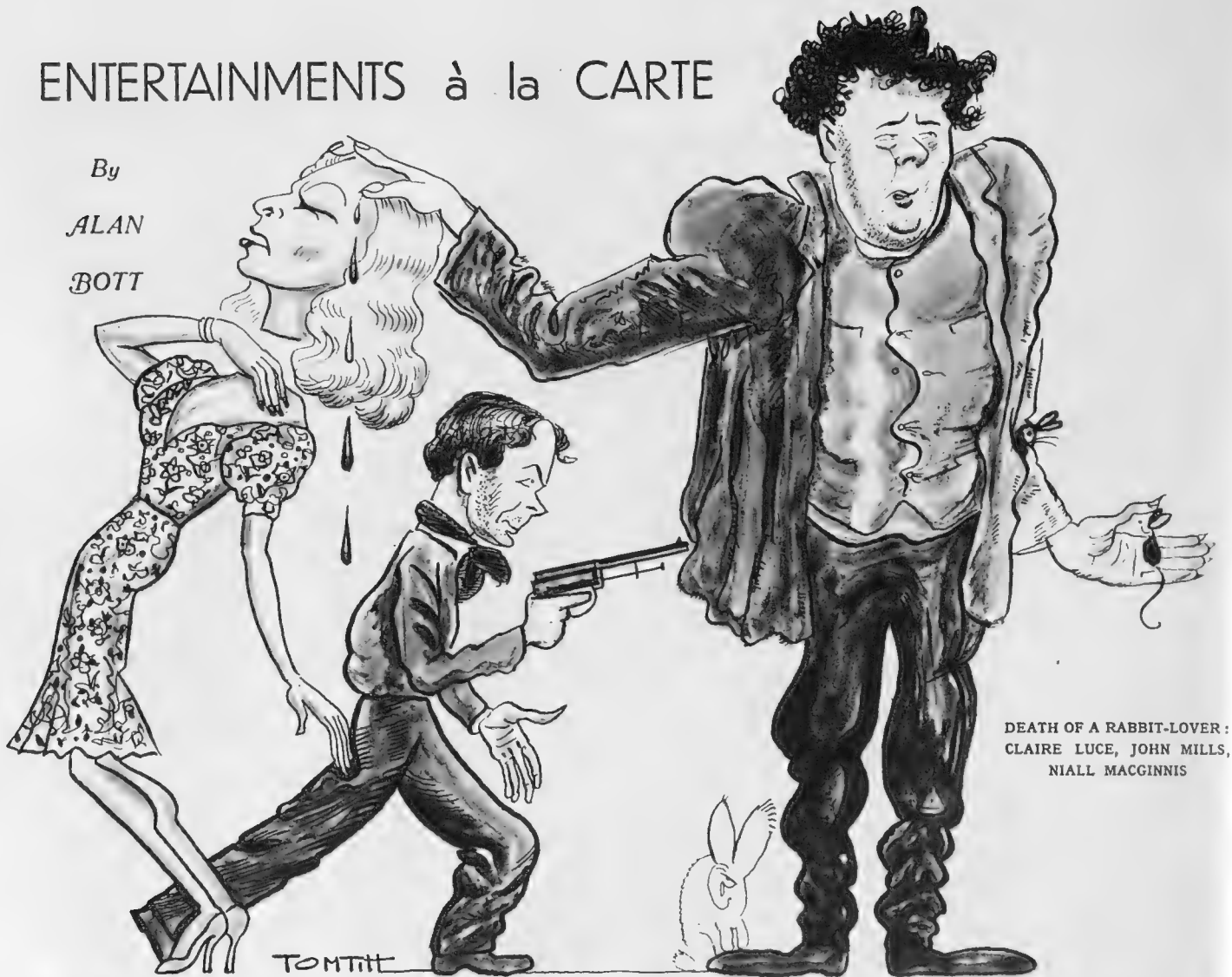
It was King's weather all the way, and the only damper was the terrible news of the lost submarine, which weighed upon everyone's mind. *Thetis* flew a black crêpe streamer from her pole. Literature, as may be noted, was strongly represented, *vide* the Rothermere family, and no doubt thoroughly enjoyed Speeches, which lasted till 1.30, by which time everyone was wellnigh starving. Anyway, there were plenty of hospitable luncheon hosts, including the Head Master who was caught in close conclave with the Foreign Secretary—and had about a hundred guests. Lady Ravensdale is with her niece and nephew, children of the late Lady Mosley, and the Hon. Mrs. Keith Rous, wife of a polo-playing sailor husband, is with Anthony Lyttelton, who got one run for the school in the Ramblers' match. Lady Ann Elliot, seen above with husband, is Lord Jersey's younger sister

ON RIGHT: LORD HALIFAX TALKING TO THE HEAD MASTER, MR. C. A. ELLIOT



ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By
ALAN
BOTT



DEATH OF A RABBIT-LOVER:
CLAIRE LUCE, JOHN MILLS,
NIALL MACGINNIS

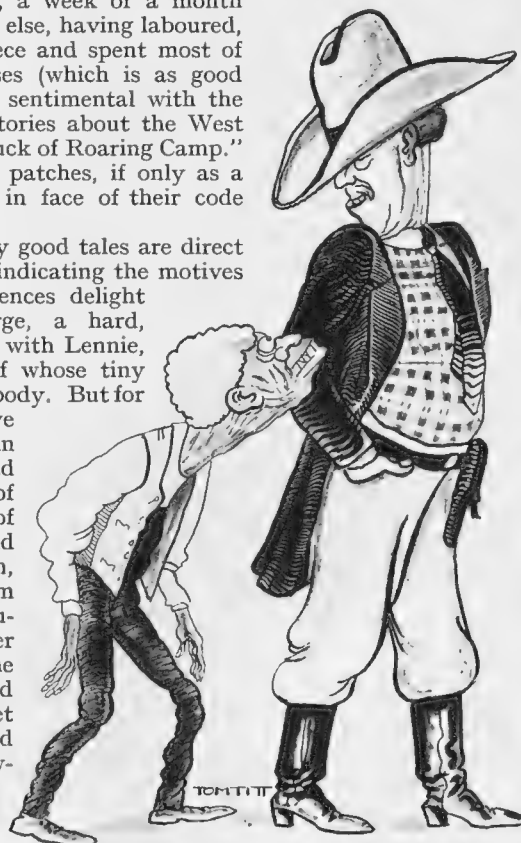
"OF MICE AND MEN" is at once a tough play and a sentimental one, a simple tale and soaring drama. Its toughness lies in the background of ranch-life in furthestmost California, frequented by casual workers here to-day and, a week or a month later, gone on the road to somewhere else, having laboured, fought, earned their fifty bucks apiece and spent most of it on Saturday booze and cat-houses (which is as good a name as any for brothels). It is sentimental with the sentimentalism that has pervaded stories about the West ever since Bret Harte wrote "The Luck of Roaring Camp." Most tough guys *are* sentimental in patches, if only as a relief from having to be hard-boiled in face of their code and their fellows.

It is simple in the sense that many good tales are direct and simple: it is artful in only just indicating the motives and feelings which readers or audiences delight to discover for themselves. George, a hard, shrewd little man, tramps the world with Lennie, a big, lumbering, quarter-witted oaf whose tiny brain cannot control his too-powerful body. But for George, Lennie would long ago have been caged in an asylum, or lynched in punishment for one of the "bad things" he does under pressure of terror and bewilderment. Because of Lennie, George loses all his jobs and most of his amusements. Why, then, does George stay tied to a lout whom he must bully, humour, and continually rescue? Why does Lennie never try to escape from, or pulverise, the tyrant who keeps him on a leash and thwarts his only keen pleasure: to pet small living things like mice and puppies and rabbits until, not knowing his own strength, he kills the things he loves? You divine the motives and emotions and much else, without need to put it into

words; and because you have divined them, you are the more moved by pity when Lennie does his ultimate bad thing, and one friend mercifully shoots the other dead, thus saving him from a death coupled with agony of such mind as he possesses.

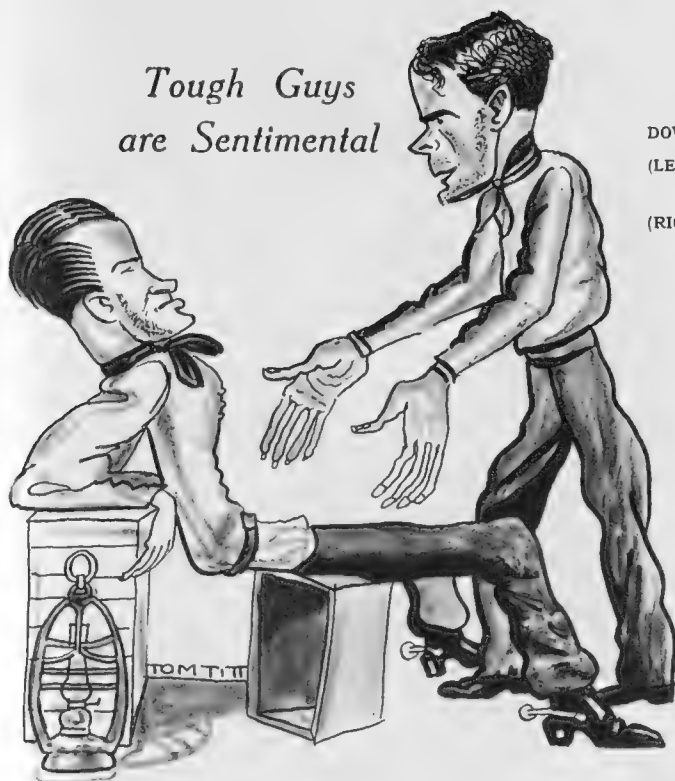
This pity, which purges the tragedy of horror and the long-drawn tension of artifice, helps to send Mr. John Steinbeck's play soaring into the dramatic heights. It is not, however, the chief asset. *Of Mice and Men* is a play of quality because its human beings are alive, clear-cut, invented with insight and presented with entire truth. Every word that is spoken helps in building up character, so that at least nine of the ten people on the ranch become fully rounded people. It is so with Curley, the boss's mean-hearted son, as with Slim, the good-hearted foreman: the main thing is they have authentic hearts, whether "mean" or "good." It is so with Curley's new wife, who gives the eye to every man within reach: she is poison to males, but essentially human poison. It is particularly so with Candy, the ancient sheepman whose decaying old dog has to be killed, and who still carries in his head the ranch-hand's bit of unattainable heaven: personal ownership of a shack, a bit of land, a chicken-run and an alfalfa patch.

It is very particularly so in the relations between George and Lennie. They have habits of talk which to the protector are a form of letting off steam, and to the protected oaf a ritual. There is George's grouse: "God A'mighty, if I was alone I could live so easy. I could go get a job an' work, an' no trouble. No mess at all, and when the end of the month come, I could take my fifty bucks and



EDWARD WALLACE, CONWAY PALMER

Tough Guys are Sentimental



DOWN ON THE RANCH:

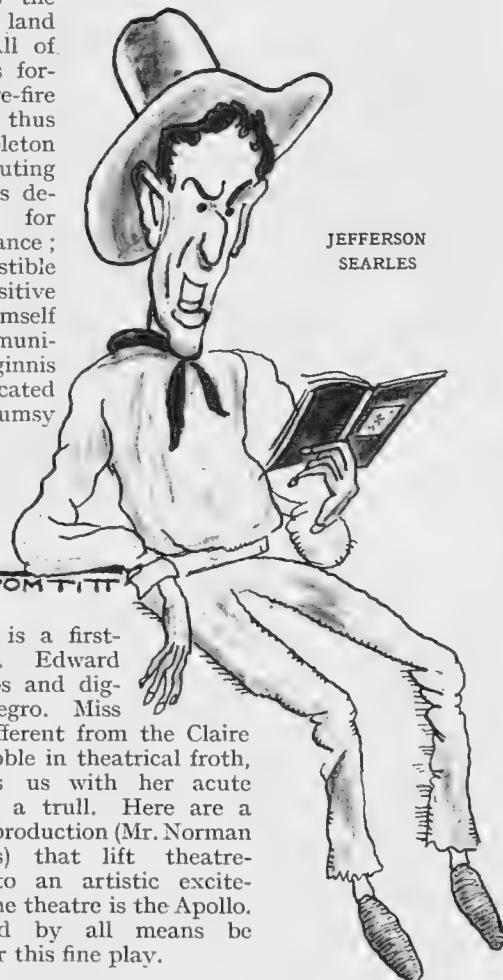
(LEFT) NICHOLAS STUART,
JOHN MILLS(RIGHT) SYDNEY BENSON,
RICHARD RUDI

go into town and get whatever I want. Why, I could stay in a cat-house all night. Get a gallon of whisky, or set in a pool-room and play cards or shoot pool. . . . Instead, I got you! You can't keep a job, and you lose me every job I get. An' that ain't the worst. You get in trouble. You do bad things and I got to get you out. You crazy son-of-a-bitch. You keep me in hot water all the time." There is Lennie's pretence at independence: "If you don't want me I can go off in the hills an' find a cave. I can go away any time. If you don't want me, you only jus' got to say so, and I'll go off in those hills right there—right up in those hills and live by myself. An' I won't get no mice stole from me." There is, especially, George's version of the ranch-hand's dream, which to Lennie has become a religion: "Guys like us, that work on ranches, are the loneliest guys in the world. They got no family. They don't belong no place. They come to a ranch an' work up a stake, and the first thing you know they're poundin' their tail on some other ranch. They ain't got nothing to look ahead to. But not us! An' why? Because I got you to look after me, and you got me to look after you, and that's why. Some day—we're gonna get the jack together and we're gonna

have a little house and a couple of acres an' a cow and some pigs and we'll have a big vegetable patch and a rabbit-hutch and chickens. And when it rains in the winter, we'll just say the hell with goin' to work, and we'll build up a fire in the stove and set around it an' listen to the rain comin' down on the roof."

Lennie, with his arrested mind, is like a child who insists that the same tale shall always be re-told. A hunted animal after he has strangled Curley's wife through terror at her screams, he forgets his crime as soon as George has found him. He then demands, and enjoys, the angry, familiar grumble, as well as the promise of a bit of land and the rabbits. All of which gives George's fortunate actor a sure-fire scene when he thus humours the simpleton before painlessly executing him. Mr. John Mills deserves high praise for his excellent performance; but here is an irresistible rôle which a sensitive player can think himself into, feel and communicate. Mr. Niall Macginnis has a more complicated task with the kind, clumsy and witless simpleton, and he fulfils it beautifully. Mr. Nicholas Stuart gives huskiness and keen persuasion "TOM TIT"

to the foreman; Mr. Sydney Benson is a first-class old'un; Mr. Edward Wallace wears pathos and dignity as a lonely negro. Miss Claire Luce, very different from the Claire Luce who used to bubble in theatrical froth, astonishes us with her acute acting of a trull. Here are a play and production (Mr. Norman Marshall's) that lift theatre-going into an artistic excitement. The theatre is the Apollo. It should by all means be visited for this fine play.

JEFFERSON
SEARLESA MEAN GUY GETS
HIS:
NIALL MACGINNIS,
ROBERT BERKELEY



FRENCH SOCIETY PLAYS GOLF
AT MORTEFONTAINE

The event was rather an especial one, being the Corrigan Cup, and the three performers are Mlles. Lally Vagliano and Laurette de Leusse, and the Vicomte de Saint-Sauveur. Mlle. Vagliano is the new eighteen-year-old French Golf Champion, and the daughter of M. André Vagliano, who is a member of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, having been up at Merton in pre-war days

TRÈS CHER,—The *dinner-surprise* organised by the famous Club des Escholiers was the prelude to one of the pleasantest evenings I have spent for a long time, yet goodness knows I was unenthusiastic when I received the invitation. The meeting-place was, agreeably enough, the Crillon Bar at 7.30, but the announcement that we were to leave the Place de la Concorde, by auto-car, for an unknown destination, and that private cars would not be permitted to follow, left me rather chilly. Auto-cars have such spectacular smashes, and I seem to be getting nervous of other people's driving in my old age. However, having deduced that the journey must be a fairly short one, since it was assured that after the dinner and entertainment we would be returned to the Concorde by midnight, I started off equipped in a frock that was something more than merely cocktail and a good deal less than *grand soir*, thus striking a happy medium between those charmers who turned up either all vertebrae or all sweater.

The cocktail-party was to pattern, with many leading stage lovelies, and when we adjourned to the waiting cars, Spinelly, who shares my apprehension as to what foolishness other drivers may commit, also shared my seat. We sat with our backs to the chauffeur on the principle that it is always better to know the worst when the worst is over. I have, amongst my friends, two Whitsuntide victims who went to sleep at the wheel, and only woke several hours later to find themselves comfortably—well, more or less—installed in a hospital cot with their sobbing relatives clustering round the foot of the bed. We, however, reached Versailles safely, and were joined there, at the Trianon Palace, by M. Langeron, Prefect of Police, and M. Huismans,

Priscilla in Paris

director of Les Beaux Arts, together with a few sober-sides who shall be nameless. There was a moment of slight gloom as we sat down to dinner, feeling somewhat overshadowed by the plaque that commemorates the signing of the Treaty of Versailles in 1919. . . . Shades of Clemenceau and Woodrow Wilson, blames of Lloyd George!—what storms have lashed the waters flowing under our bridges since those optimistic days. But we cheered up considerably even before the iced *consommé* had melted down its appointed course, and when, during dessert, we received the programme of the evening's entertainment, printed on *fleur de lys* embossed parchment, and found that the "surprise" was to be scenes from *Elvire* danced by Lycette Darsenval, Serge Peretti, and the *corps de ballet* of the Grand Opera to the music of Scarlatti, played on the harpsichord by Mlle. Dufour, and that the performance was to take place in the Théâtre de la Reine, that perfect gem of eighteenth-century architecture which was restored, thanks to John Rockefeller, we were decidedly thrilled.

Nowadays this playhouse, which is part of the Petit Trianon, is not even shown to visitors, and the only performances that have taken place there since the beginning

of this century were in honour of John Rockefeller and Czar Nicolas of Russia. To drive there through the park, which was alternately illuminated by the moon and cleverly-concealed floodlighting, was a voyage of sheer beauty. At the doors of the theatre powdered footmen with lighted *flambeaux* waited to show us to the auditorium. The tiny theatre was soon full. Only two seats remained empty, and those were the armchairs of tarnished gilt and faded *petit-point* that were once occupied by a lighthearted Queen and her weak-willed spouse.

After this fairy-like evocation of *le grand siècle* it was something of an anti-climax to return to Paris by car, and a still greater one to assist, a few days later, at the bicycle *Concours d'Élégance*, presided over by Lady Mendl and André de Fouquières, which was won, of course, by Laure Diana. We are perfectly push-bike mad in Paris. So good for the figure and such an economy on petrol. "Bung the bim in a barskit"—the "bim" being the dog—and once safely in the Bois de Boulogne, turn him loose to chase the back wheel. Excellent ekker, for "bim" and

beauty alike, and quite one of the best ways of keeping fit.

The Lucienne Delforge recital at the École Normale de Musique filled that wooden, funnel-shaped little concert-hall full and over-brimmin'. Here is a young woman who needs to keep fit in order to get all that she does out of her piano. What a programme! Eclectic, to say the least. From Bach to Roussel. Weber to César Franck and Schumann to Gabriel Pierné. Personally, I think she is particularly admirable with the moderns, and the Schumann was divine, but the whole programme was received with great enthusiasm. As well as being one of the most noted of the younger *virtuosos* of the piano, Lucienne Delforge is by way of being a doctor—so that she can patch herself up after the strenuous mountaineering at which she excels. She has captained a French International basketball team and she is a cross-country runner with many victories to her credit. How she manages to do all this and put in five or six hours' daily practice is a mystery, but she accomplishes it.

PRISCILLA.



ANOTHER CORRIGAN CUP GROUP AT MORTEFONTAINE

The three people snapped on the ninth green are the Marquise de Pomereu, Prince Pierre de Monaco, and the donor of these much-coveted prizes, Mrs. James Corrigan, whose fame as a hostess is so well known in London, Paris and New York. Prince Pierre was born Comte de Polignac, and was created Duc di Valentinois when he married in 1920 the hereditary Princesse of Monaco, from whom he obtained a divorce in 1933. The Marquise belongs by marriage to an ancient Norman family, and was born Mlle. Lydie d'Harcourt

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF HOLLYWOOD



WISHING YOU THE BEST OF LUCK! MR. AND MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JUNR., LEAVE THE CHURCH AFTER THEIR WEDDING



MARLENE DIETRICH, ALL VERY NUN-LIKE, WAS SEEN SUPPING WITH ERICH MARIA REMARQUE ONE NIGHT RECENTLY



MR. AND MRS. RONALD COLMAN AND PEGGY PRINGLE FOUND AN EXCUSE FOR A PARTY AT THE CAFÉ VICTOR HUGO

That old institution, marriage, which even to-day some people still believe in, looms quite largely on this page in the shape of Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, who took for his lawful wedded wife Mary Lee Hartford. The whole affair came as a great surprise to the film colony, who for once were completely in the dark. The bride and bridegroom spent a busman's holiday on location on Santa Catalina Island, where scenes are being shot for Junior's new picture, *Rulers of the Sea*. Marlene Dietrich, was spied dining with Erich Remarque, whose latest novel, "The Heroes," has been bought by M.-G.-M. The story deals with Jewish refugees. No doubt, Mr. Colman, you are having a grand party, but have you forgotten all your fans, who are screaming to see your face on the screen again, and it has been a long absence. We wonder whether Miss Davis realises the number of handkerchiefs sent to the laundry during the run of her film, *Dark Victory*; if not, she would be amazed. She is now hard at work on *Old Maid*. George Brent has a big part in Louis Bromfield's thrilling tale, *The Rains Came*, now in course of production



WHILE BETTE DAVIS AND GEORGE BRENT JUST DROPPED INTO THE CAFÉ LAMAZE FOR A COUPLE OF DRINKS AND A GOSSIP

Photos: Hyman Fink

A POLO ROUNABOUT AND SOME WHO ARE ON IT



AT POLO G.H.Q.: LADY BRIDGET ELLIOT
AND MRS. G. H. LOWTHER



RUGGER AND GOLF CRACKS: MR. PHIL
MACPHERSON, CAPTAIN PETER MILLER
AND (CENTRE) MISS BARBARA SYMES



LAWN TENNIS PATRONS: PRINCESSE
ALPHONSE DE CARAMAN-CHIMAY AND
MR. EDWARD BARFORD



LADY VIOLET DUNDAS AND THE
MAHARAJAH OF JAIPUR



MR. IAN OTHER-GEE, MISS PRISCILLA OTHER-GEE, MRS. N. A. PEARCE,
AND MR. TONY JOHNSON

Most of these pictures of various active and passive supporters of the quickest ball game known were gathered at polo G.H.Q., Hurlingham, where things are pretty busy, one way and another. The picture in the centre top was taken at Roehampton, whilst some Lawson Cup ties were being fought out, and polo was being given the once-over by a rugger crack, Mr. Phil Macpherson, and a golf one, Captain Peter Miller, whose renowned father, Colonel Charles Miller runs Roehampton. Miss Symes is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. Sir Stuart Symes, Governor of the Sudan. Mrs. Lowther, seen with Lord and Lady Minto's débutante daughter, was at Hurlingham; but Mr. Lowther (Life Guards), son of the M.F.H., was playing at Roehampton for the Red Jackets, who were downed by the Pandas in the Lawson Cup. Mr. Barford, who was with the attractive Princesse Alphonse de Caraman-Chimay (and her white-rimmed glasses), is a son-in-law of Lord Ashfield. The Maharajah of Jaipur is one of the mainstays of the Optimists, who are not winning out of their turn at the moment. In a "friendly" at Hurlingham, Sir Harold Wernher's Someries House braves beat them 9 to 7 after a rib-roasting battle



Mixed Doubles—

WILLS' GOLD FLAKE IS THE MAN'S
CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE



TO THE BEATING OF THE DRUM AND

A familiar scene to every Londoner and to every one who comes to see the sights of our ancient city, the Changing of the Guard takes place in the Friary Court of St. James's Palace, the part that is the most interesting to the audience, especially when the sun, at the London season's "high noon," makes the scarlet and black of the uniforms of the Grenadier Guards stand out. Militarist and pacifist alike flock to see a soldier or a sailor, and even the most sluggish pulse goes up as is the case on such an occasion as this. And we, modest and retiring islanders that we are,



THE CRY OF "HERE THEY COME!"

Excepting when their Majesties are in residence at Buckingham Palace, the ceremony of nearest to Marlborough House, but wherever it happens it is always sure of an appreciative gold, of whichever regiment of the Brigade of Guards is concerned, doubly magnificent. As a beat or two faster when the pomp and panoply of war are presented in so attractive a form we are, believe that we can do this sort of thing better than any other people in the world

Beaches go gay



THIS striped beach gown is 21/-. Others, in all the colours of the spectrum, from 10/6 to 52/6. Light-weight woollen sports shirt in navy, grey, heather-blue or white, 10/6. Linen shorts, 18/6. Also khaki drill shorts at 12/6, and Week-End Worsted shorts at 18/6. Sandals, 6/6 to 25/-. Reversible swimming shorts woven with Lastex yarn: maroon/grey, brown/green, dark blue/light blue and many others, 17/6.

just a part of the Austin Reed Service



Val Doone

DEVON GLORIOUS DEVON

I mind the deep-thatched homesteads there,
The noble downlands, clean and bare,
The blue wood smoke from shepherds' fires,
Down Dorset way, down Devon way.

LESLIE COULSON



NOTABILITIES AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire with their hosts, H.E. the Governor-General and Lady Duncan, in the beautiful grounds of the official abode and in the champagne air which is the Cape's own at this time of year. Sir Patrick Duncan succeeded Lord Clarendon in 1937

THE appalling disaster which has befallen us in this land has left us benumbed. It has compelled the thought that if it had ever been intended that men should venture into the elements of the fishes and the birds he would have been fashioned with fins and wings. Icarus and his father, Dædalus, were the first to be given an indication. Jonah was the first known submarine disaster. He only escaped by a miracle. To the non-technical mind it further suggests itself that if a marking-buoy can be released from a sunken submarine, it ought to be possible to contrive that it should carry an air-line to the surface with it.

The news of the moment (of the unwarlike kind) is that the Natural History Museum of South Kensington want a

specimen of a fish called the *Lati-meria*, which for 300,000,000 years is supposed to have been extinct, but which has recently come to light and actually bitten a sea captain. It is said to be 5 ft. long and weighs 127 lbs. It is just possible that if the N.H. Museum applied to any dry-fly fisherman they could get what they wanted at once. It is further stated that by an oversight the bones of the last-captured *Lati-meria* were thrown away and only the stuffed skin retained. Some people, no doubt, have encountered these stuffed fishes with

suitable plaques below them stating length, age, weight, and such like. They do very well until they fall out of their glass cases, when being dusted by a parlourmaid—and dissolve into dust.

It is a pleasure to congratulate the editors of the "Hog Hunters' Annual, 1939," upon one of the best productions they have ever given us. Quite apart from all the records of pig-sticking which we get as a matter of course, there is so much interesting reading matter connected with other forms of sport—shooting, for instance, and polo in out-of-the-way spots and in quite out-of-the-way epochs, such, for instance, as the days of the *Shahnamah*, by Firdausi, the Persian Homer. His poem, written as is supposed to the order of "Mahmud



Truman Howell

STILL ON THEIR HORSES

In the picture, 2nd-Lieut. Lord Lewisham, Lord Dartmouth's son and heir, and his squadron commander, Major R. F. P. Monckton (former Master the Goathland and Albrighton), with the Staffordshire Yeomanry in camp, at Patshull, on Lord Dartmouth's estate



Truman Howell

THE DERBYSHIRE YEOMANRY ON WHEELS

This unit used to be a Dragoon one and now it is something like a dragon on wheels, and is the 24th Armoured Car Company, Royal Tank Corps. The picture was taken during the training at Windmill Hill, Salisbury Plain, the place where they have their jump course. The C.O. is Major Sir Ian Walker, M.F.H. (second from right). Others included in the group are Captain J. Crompton-Inglefield and Lieuts. E. Thompson, J. Davie, R. Jelf and G. R. H. Trollope



Crisp

THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND XI. WHICH BEAT THE H.A.C. AT ARMOURY HOUSE

The soldiers from Aldershot carried too many guns for the soldiers who belong to the oldest regiment in the British Army, and beat them by 8 wickets in the match on the H.A.C. ground

The names in the group are: (l. to r., back) H. C. Gray (umpire), Sgt. T. Morgan, Lieut. C. F. Potter, Captain J. L. Proudlock, Lieut. W. M. E. White, Lieut. C. F. Grieve and Lieut. W. D. Foster; (seated) Lieut. A. A. Egerton-Jones, Captain D. A. Affleck-Graves, Colonel J. G. Halsted, A.Q.M.G. (captain), Captain R. A. Rushbridge and Lieut. R. Stuart

By "SABRETACHE"



Jackson

OFFICERS OF THE 40th BRECKNOCKSHIRE
AUXILIARY TERRITORIAL SERVICE

The picture was taken recently when this unit was doing its training. The names (l. to r.) are Mrs. Brooksbank, Company assistant, Mrs. Murray, County Commandant and Mrs. Pierott, Company Commandant

to-morrow where, with polo stick and ball, we shall enter the field and enjoy ourselves for a while; for it is said of your liege that you play the game with such finesse that the ball is altogether lost from sight." Said Siyaosh, "Kind sir, may you always be happy and may good fortune ever attend you. The skill of this royal game is acquired from your majesty, for your style is altogether perfect. My happiness is your happiness and my fortunes are in your hands. You are the king of kings as the eagle is the king to birds. You are the pride of the Kiyanis dynasty and the supreme lord of the army." And so agreed both rose early in the morning and sallied forth to the polo-ground. It was a day of great rejoicing for the most famous players in Asia were gathered together to take part in that game. Arriving at the polo ground King Afrasiab of Turan turned to Siyaosh and said: "We must now pick up sides; you shall captain one side and I the other; and we shall divide the players equally between us."



Crisp

THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY, THE SIDE
DEFEATED BY ALDERSHOT

The winners are on the preceding page, and win they did very decisively. The H.A.C. hit up 201, and then the Aldershot Command went in again and got the runs for the loss of two wickets. The names in the above group are (l. to r., standing) A. Dare (umpire), F. H. Waters, R. P. Wingate, J. H. Kidner, Y. E. Thirsk, R. H. Pawsey, J. S. Loram; (seated) R. A. M. Hallam, S. Taylor, R. L. Charlesworth (captain), W. C. Potter-Mackensot, R. K. May

that Victorious Lord" (*vide* "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám"), was the Iliad and Odyssey rolled into one.

The editors of the "Hog Hunters' Annual" present us with an extract from Firdausi's great work which is supposed to have been completed in 1011 A.D., describing a polo match between the King of Persia (Iran) Siyaosh and the King of Turkestan Afrasiab. There is a footnote to this translation to the effect that the match to which the poem refers "was supposed to have taken place 1500 years before the poem was written, or 2500 years ago (Cyrus the Great of Persia, 508-529 B.C.)." This should set some of our polo antiquarians thinking a bit. These ancient monarchs were very much more polite than our modern polo players (on occasion!), and I quote a part of what Firdausi says that they said to one another before the match, and it is of special interest at a moment when some other International matches are toward:

One night Afrasiab said to Siyaosh: "Let us both to the polo ground and enjoy ourselves for a while; for it is said of your liege that you play the game with such finesse that the ball is altogether lost from sight." Said Siyaosh, "Kind sir, may you always be happy and may good fortune ever attend you. The skill of this royal game is acquired from your majesty, for your style is altogether perfect. My happiness is your happiness and my fortunes are in your hands. You are the king of kings as the eagle is the king to birds. You are the pride of the Kiyanis dynasty and the supreme lord of the army." And so agreed both rose early in the morning and sallied forth to the polo-ground. It was a day of great rejoicing for the most famous players in Asia were gathered together to take part in that game. Arriving at the polo ground King Afrasiab of Turan turned to Siyaosh and said: "We must now pick up sides; you shall captain one side and I the other; and we shall divide the players equally between us."

Siyaosh turning to Afrasiab explained, "I am not even worthy of handling the polo stick in your company, nor of competing with you, for I am no match for you, kindly select a more suitable opponent. I should be one of your supporters, and you should include me in your own team."



Clapperton

AT THE AYRSHIRE YEOMANRY RACES

A picture in the sun on Hawick racecourse, where this Yeomanry unit, who are still real cavalry, very sportingly held this meeting. The names are: (l. to r.) the Hon. Clayre and the Hon. Fiona Campbell, Lady Stratheden and the Hon. Moyra Campbell, her other daughter, and Lieut.-Colonel C. I. A. Dubs, the C.O., and Captain the Hon. W. T. Scott, the Master of Polwarth

You will observe that there was none of the "Out of the way, you blinkin' dago, or I'll knock your something block off!" I gather, however, that the contest was very full of ginger, none the less—and one side stopped trying out of sheer politeness! We do things a bit differently these days, especially in Internationals. There is a most interesting reproduction in colour from a Persian MS. of the late sixteenth century. The stone goal-posts which were popular in those days are plainly displayed. There is also in this number of the "Hog Hunters' Annual" an excellent article (unsigned) about sport in Chitral and the valley of Kashmir. This also includes a mention of how they play polo in those parts.



AT A FANCY BALL IN MAYMYO, BURMA

Three of the little guests at Mrs. Hugh Monteith's fancy-dress party given for the special benefit of the younger inhabitants of Upper Burma's beautiful hill station. The names are: (l. to r.) June-Rose, the most appropriately-named daughter of the Burmese Princess Ma Lat; John ("Ooty") Hodgkinson, and little Miss Lett, daughter of the Deputy Commissioner of Mandalay, so famous in song and story



EDWARD SEAGO AND ALICIA MARKOVA
IN THE ARTIST'S STUDIO IN CHELSEA

"All on a summer's day" ought to be the title for this smiling picture of the artist and England's own prima ballerina, in picturing whose graceful art Edward Seago specialises and portrays so well. Alicia Markova has been in Paris with the Ballets de Monte Carlo, and is due to appear in England at the Albert Hall on July 8. In other directions, as his many admirers know, the artist is a very good animal painter, and his exhibition, which was opened at the Medici Society's Gallery on May 22 by Lord Derby, contains many examples of all facets of his talents. He, like Dame Laura Knight, is also fond of picking his models from amongst the picturesque circus folk.

IT was time for the small girl to be in bed, but no amount of coaxing could get her there.

Her mother gave it up at last, and her father offered to lie on the bed with the child till she went to sleep. Off the pair of them went, and the weary mother leaned back in her chair with a sigh of content, ready for a hard-earned rest.

Some time went by, and she was wondering when her husband would be down, when she heard a soft, stealthy step. Then a little white-robed figure crept in with her finger on her lips.

"Hush, mummy," she said, "I've got daddy to sleep."

The doctor put a thermometer in the sweet young thing's mouth.

"Thank you," she said. "Have you a match?"



ME AND MY DOGS!

At least, they are father's dogs! The lady is Jean, daughter of Mr. B. W. Humphrey, famous keeper and trainer of dogs, who lives at Little Hallingbury, Essex. The other lady is "Minx," a two-year-old golden cocker, with her all-white litter. Mr. Humphrey has said that during the many years he has bred dogs he has never before known such a curious happening as this, a white family from a golden sire, dam and grandparents.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A well-dressed young man presented himself at a recruiting depot and expressed his wish to join the army. The sergeant in charge asked him the usual questions and entered the answers on his sheet.

"Occupation?" he inquired.

"Well," said the young man, "I hardly know what to say. You see my guv'nor died and left me a pot of money a year ago, and I've just run through the lot. That's why I'm here."

"I see," replied the sergeant, thoughtfully. Then a broad smile broke over his face, and he entered in the necessary column, "Brass finisher."

* * *

An Englishman and a Frenchman were arguing over whose country owned the finer navy. They asked an old Irishman in the corner to settle the argument.

"The Irish have the best navy," he said.

"In heaven's name where is the Irish navy?" they asked.

"And what a fool I'd be telling you when you might be a couple of spies," said the Irishman.

* * *

Some waxwork models were being brought out of storage. One, a lifelike figure of Henry VIII., was on a trolley pushed by a rather short workman, who was hidden behind it.

A short-sighted woman, seeing the model coming towards her, apparently of its own volition, gave a gasp and fled.

The workman looked first at the flying figure and then at the model and said: "Lumme! You at it again?"

* * *

The drunk was brought before the magistrate. "Your honour," stated the arresting officer, "this man here is the drunkest I've encountered in my fourteen years in the force. Not only did he turn on two false alarms and attempt to ride a milk horse, but he wound up at seven this morning trying to climb the Empire State Building."

The judge eyed the drunk.

"You heard the charge?" he droned. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

The stew swayed unsteadily. "I'm guilty, your honour," he hiccupped.

The judge turned to the attendant: "I'll pronounce sentence on this man when I've examined his record," he said. "Lock him up for the time being."

The prisoner struggled to break loose. "Jus' a minnit, your honour," he objected. "You can't do thish to me."

The judge eyed him sharply. "What are you talking about?" he snapped. "Did you just plead guilty to being intoxicated?"

The stew nodded. "Thas right," he admitted, "but are you gonna sit there and take the word of a drunk?"

WAKE UP AND PLAN...

What fun! A new day ahead of her — she's ready for it. Or at least she will be after her Elizabeth Arden morning routine. For like most women past the early rosebud age, she's no great beauty at dawn or thereabouts. But she has learned how to make the best of her good features, how to dissemble her bad ones, and most of all, she has learnt the importance of personal distinction. For she is a very definite personality, wise, witty, sophisticated, and has learned the art of making life a gay and gracious picture into which she always fits with charm and poise. Today will be a busy one. But first...

SHE GOES TO ELIZABETH ARDEN...

Part of the fun is looking this way even while being made beautiful. She hasn't missed her weekly Elizabeth Arden visit since the day of her coming out party. Sometimes it includes an Intra-cellular Mask Treatment — grand for that after-the-winter feeling. Always before Ascot she has a Firmo-lift; and when she feels the need of looking especially glamorous, she has a Velva Mask. But today she'll just have the regular hour's treatment which includes, heaven knows, enough to give even the most prosaic of women a romantic look. Cleansing, patting, moulding and...

PUTTING ON THE GLAMOUR...

The Elizabeth Arden make-up of course. And she can do it for herself now at home having learned all the little tricks at the Elizabeth Arden Salon. Learned them from her particular "assistant" to whom she always goes, who has studied her face, her type, and her temperament, her background and her taste in clothes. At Elizabeth Arden's they take all these factors into consideration, knowing as they do that the smart woman, the one with a real "fashion sense" in manners as well as modes, is at heart an actress. Thinking of her make-up and her clothes together as expressive of her role in life. Using both as a background for...

HERSELF — VERY MUCH A PERSON...

This is the year — and this is the season — of the romantic, ultra-feminine hat. It's in natural straw — the model she has chosen today — its provocative tilt set off by a STOP RED quill. Indeed STOP RED — gay, vivid, arresting — is the colour-theme that dominates the composition. STOP RED lipstick, STOP RED nail varnish, special STOP RED make-up — The foundation is provided by Lille de France. Ardena and Bronze Japonica Powders combine to give her skin an exquisitely smooth and uniform surface. Eye Shadow completes the masterpiece — gives a touch of drama to lovely features. How different from the woman who woke this morning — but how much herself — how quietly confident of the effect she produces!





Stuart

THE DUTCH AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY TEAMS WHO MET AT FENNERS

The result was a win for Holland, who beat Cambridge by 11 matches to 10. Leembrugger, the Dutch captain, has been made an honorary member of the Grasshoppers Club, and is wearing their blazer, this being the tenth time he has captained a Dutch side there

L. to r., standing: M. Browers (Holland), V. P. Jackson (Downing), G. H. Colman (Clare), J. M. Kantawala (Queen's), A. C. Reidt (Holland), N. W. Nicholson (Pembroke); (sitting) Hans van Swol (Holland), G. Nicolaidis (Pembroke, and captain Cambridge, 1939), G. Leembrugger (captain, Dutch team), J. A. T. Hancroft (Calus), T. HUGHAN (Holland); (on ground) K. H. Lo (Fitzwilliam House), T. Le Yenaar (Holland)

I DO not feel that there is much point in dwelling upon the tragedy of what happened to our Davis Cup team in Germany, as a post-mortem would do the very opposite of healing Charlie Hare's back in time for Wimbledon; while one cannot be expected to discuss seriously the scratch partnership of Mr. Shaffi and Wilde in the doubles; so let us draw a heat veil over the Roland Garros Club, which has been the grave of so many British hopes in the past, and commiserate together instead about the tragedy of the ball-girl at the Dulwich Covered Courts Club, who is soon to be a bride.

You hadn't heard about the tragedy? I know. That is why I am going to tell you all about it. And let us start at the beginning and spare ourselves no detail.

Now, as in so many other worlds where there are eternal controversies as to the superior efficiency of men over women or women over men at this or that, so in the tennis world it has long been a vexed point as to whether boys or girls make the best ball-retrievers on court. Some players are prejudiced against the feminine sex, so to speak, in advance, and cannot imagine that they will get expert attention on court; while others are embarrassed at the thought of accepting service from the weaker sex. These, I must fairly add, are in a minority. Most of the complaints come from the former class, and I always remember that stalwart tournament supporter, Colonel Helme, testily averring that at a certain tournament he had been quite put off his service by the way that some little girl would bounce a ball at him out of her pinafore just as he was about to raise his racket. However, in fairness to the tribe of ball-girls, I must put on record that I have never heard anything but the warmest praise and appreciation for the way in which the girls at Dulwich get through their work. They are tireless, silent, unobtrusive. In fact, they might be sexless robots. But no, they can't be that. For the best ball-girl of all is now to be a bride.

"Is that all the story?" you exclaim with a disappointed sigh. But wait. Do not be so impatient. It is only the beginning. Because now comes the intriguing part—now comes

LAWN TENNIS

By GODFREY WINN

the riddle. Supposing you were that ball-girl, soon to give up the courts for the home that will be your castle for evermore; supposing you had been very happy in your work and very proud of your reputation these fourteen years; how and when would you take your farewell? What final gesture would you make? Would you ask if you could keep for ever the last box of tennis balls that had passed through your hands? Would you collect them together, after the match was over, and send them through the post to your six favourite players and invite an autograph with a message of encouragement for you in your new life? What *would* you do? While you are thinking about it, let me tell you what this ball-girl did, bless her heart! She had a Great Idea. She wrote to the Wimbledon Committee and explained that she was to be married this summer,

and there was just one thing that would make her happiness complete. Would they allow her to be ball-girl on the Centre Court one afternoon? Even for one match . . . it would be sufficient. . . . The memory would stay with her for the rest of her life. It would be the perfect climax to fourteen years' faithful service. It would, also, of course, have struck another blow for sex-emancipation. Perhaps that was at the back of the committee's mind when they refused her request. Yes, they refused. They explained politely that there were no facilities for ball-girls on the Centre Court and no accommodation off it. A quibble, of course, like the findings of so many committees. (It would set a dangerous precedent, my dear fellow.) But, of course, the truth is she wouldn't have wanted any accommodation. Just her single hour of triumph . . . and then for ever quit the scene . . . home to the arms of her mate, of—well, it's no use thinking about it any more; the story is too sad. All the same, I am sure I shan't be able to watch a single match on the Centre Court in a fortnight's time



A THREESOME AT WARFIELD HOUSE

Few private houses can boast such good courts as those at Sir George and Lady Leon's lovely home near Bracknell. In the above group, which was taken quite recently, are Lady Leon, Captain Dennis Larking, whose house, Titlarks Lodge, is quite close; and Miss Irene Brown, the well-known musical-comedy actress

without remembering that ball-girl from Dulwich and the Only Wedding Present She Wanted.

Perhaps you feel I am being too flippant this week? I can assure you I am feeling genuinely sad at this moment, for I have just learnt of the complete breakdown of Wimbledon's most popular and efficient secretary, Major Larcombe, who will be most sincerely missed this year by players and fellow-officials alike. Only those with first-hand knowledge of all the work that goes on behind the scenes can give testimony of the way that in the past Major Larcombe never spared himself, and always put his work at Wimbledon before all other considerations: just as, at this moment, his wife has put her duty first, and completely sacrificed—at any rate, temporarily—her tremendously successful career as a coach in order to be constantly at his side, in the hope of bringing about a speedy convalescence. I am sure everyone who has ever come under the spell of her graciousness and charm will be hoping and praying, as I am, that her gesture will have its ultimate reward, and that her husband will be able to return one day from Devonshire completely restored to health and vigour. For whatever one's point of view about the duties of husbands and wives towards each other, I still maintain that it is a sacrifice to surrender a flourishing career, that is also a thrilling labour of love, to become a bedside

(Continued on page x)

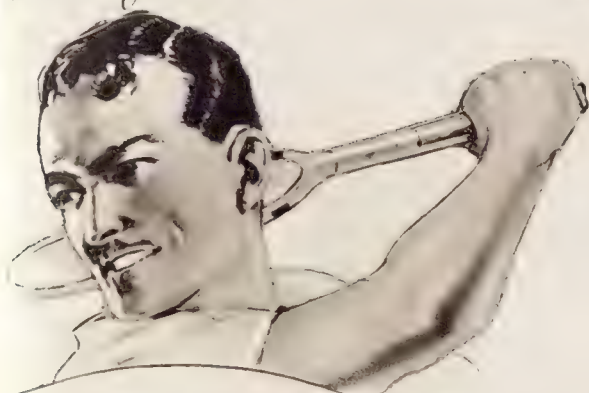
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Mixed Cold

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.



THE 10th HUSSARS REGIMENTAL TEAM

The 10th beat the 9th Lancers in a third-round tie of the Inter-Regimental at Tidworth by one goal, 9 to 8, and are now the local favourites to win the Cup outright, in spite of the fact that both the 12th Lancers and the 15th-19th Hussars are still left standing

The names in the picture are: (l. to r., back to No. 1) Captain J. Archer-Shee, Captain David Dawnay, Captain J. W. Malet, and Captain M. N. E. Macmullen

THE short story of our quite decisive defeat in the first of the international polo matches is (a) our ammunition dump blew up, and (b) our shooting was something like 50 per cent. worse than that of the enemy. Under these conditions the result is not in the least surprising. There are no excuses whatever to be made, and the only plea in mitigation which can be advanced is that our ponies went to bits and that the good ammunition which we thought we had was not there at the moment when it was wanted. None of the Argentine ponies came to hand, and have got to be written off, so we must fear, as a loss; the ponies lent so kindly by the Princes of India—H.H. the Nawab of Bhopal and H.H. the Maharaja of Jaipur—did not come to hand as quickly as everyone hoped that they would. They had a bad passage, and it is a very long way from India to America, and, knowing something about what happens to horses transported by sea, I venture to suggest that to give these ponies any chance at all they ought to have been started off at the very least six months before actually was the case. You cannot expect any horse to come all that way and go into action at comparatively short notice. It does not make sense to argue otherwise. This, however, was our misfortune: the rest was our fault.

The American team outplayed us. We may have deserved to have had another four goals—I think one can go farther and say that we ought to have had them, and that it was Gerald Balding's fault that we did not. Our shooting in the front of goal was apparently extremely bad, but all the way through the cabled accounts of this match we get this sort of thing: "A sixty-yard free hit to Britain for Iglehart standing over the ball was missed by Balding"; after Roark had been knocked over, and penalty No. 2 had been awarded against America, we get this: "Balding, however, failed to convert"; again: "When Guest crossed Balding the free hit went wide"; again: "Early in the third period a run by Roark ended in his shooting wide." All these remarks are taken from the very good account of the match cabled by Mr. Michael Stephens to the *Daily Telegraph*, a very succinct account of what happened. Up to half-time there was some sort of hope, since America was only leading by one goal, 6-5; but then they came down upon us like the wolf upon the fold, and it was a hurricane attack which our beaten ponies gave us no chance to resist. It was Hitchcock's match, and not Balding's. Of our own people, Bob Skene seems to have been the best of the bunch;

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

he was up against something extremely hot indeed in Winston Guest, an absolute stone-wall defence. This, of course, everyone who saw the 1936 matches in this country knew that he was. They tell us that Cecil Smith will be fit enough to play in the next match; if this is true, heaven help us!

* * *

If the first international had been a championship box fight the thing most descriptively called "ballyhoo" in the U.S.A. could not have been better done by the man on the spot, aided, of course, as it has to be, by Giant Circumstance. The only thing that has not been done is to copy our gladiators. Neither side has said "Bo, I'll put the skids under that guy! Order the ambulance for two seconds after the first ball!" For this we must be thankful.



Photos: Truman Howell

THE 9th LANCERS' POLO TEAM

After disposing of the Bays 10 to 7 in the second round of the Inter-Regimental at Tidworth, the regiment met the 10th Hussars and no one quite knew which way to bet. The result, 9-8, tells you the reason

The names in the picture are: (l. to r., No. 1 to back) Mr. W. K. C. Pulteney, Mr. K. J. Price, Captain G. E. Prior Palmer, and Captain J. H. Montagu-Douglas-Scott

When the Hurlingham team appeared to be quite definitely sunk by Aidan Roark's inexplicable fall from grace, we got the news that the bookings had a bad landslide: then John Lakin pulled things together by playing like a Trojan in that winding-up gallop on May 31: then came that unfortunate accident to Cecil Smith (U.S.A.); a thing that would have put the last nail in any polo coffin bar an American one. That evened things up a lot and bookings increased with a jump. Then came the news that Aidan Roark had been reinstated in our team because of the flashing performance playing No. 2 in the scratch side, used to give the U.S.A. team a good gallop in their final trial, the one in which Cecil Smith got hurt. The main reason for Aidan Roark's reinstatement was, as we were told, that he gave Tommy Hitchcock such a thin time and beat him to it more than once. Then someone said that we had a 36-goal team to America's 37 (Winston Guest being an [8] and not a [7], and so America is 38). This, of course, was not correct, for our goal value was only 34 (Skene 7, Roark 8, Balding 10, Tyrrell-Martin 9=34). This bucked things up a lot. The gate was announced as booked to 40,000—a world record, and even at the more or less popular prices which the Polo Association of the U.S.A. decided upon, this was quite handsome. Then it slumped to a mere 14,000 on the day. America thought there would be no battle. In this she was wrong.

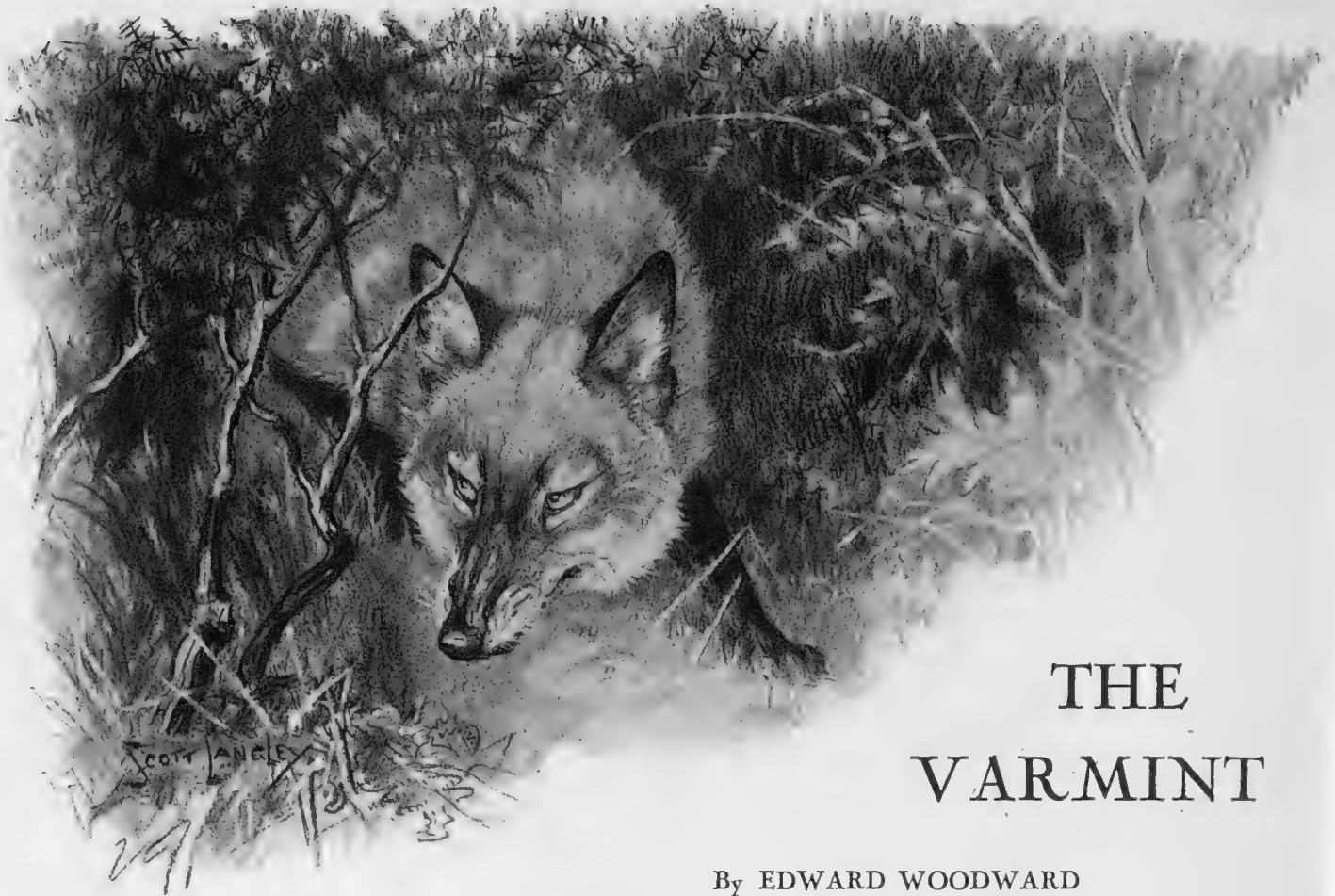
* * *

Excitement rose to fever heat, in spite of Cecil Smith's knock-out, and the American team, it is said, was backed at 6 to 4 on and England 2 to 1 against for the series. This in spite of Stewart Iglehart, who is a No. 3 by trade, being

(Continued on page ii)



Make a note of the date! Saturday June 24th
THE GREYHOUND DERBY
AT
WHITE CITY



THE VARMINT

By EDWARD WOODWARD

*He'd had a pleasant time amongst the poultry
up at Croft's Farm and now needed sleep.*

"**B**LOOD-SPORTS!" exclaimed Fawney. "All of 'em are atrocious cruelty, and fox-hunting is the worst."
"Nonsense," said Laytham, M.F.H. "The fox isn't trencher-fed; he breeds naturally and lives wild; and although we like to have him with us as part of our national heritage, his numbers have to be kept within bounds. Hunting him is the best and most dignified way of liquidating the surplus."

"Poppycock!" fumed Fawney. "Dignified be damned! Do you call it dignified to be chased half-across the county by a pack of blood-lusting hounds and then torn to pieces by them?"

"More dignified than being blinded or maimed by a gunshot wound," answered the Master. "And a darned sight less painful than dying by inches in a trap some casual devil has set and omitted to visit for a week."

"Bosh! All people aren't as indifferent to suffering as you appear to be," growled Fawney. "Fox-hunting is ceremonial torture and murder."

"We don't always kill," said Laytham. "But when we do, we kill quickly."

"And when you don't kill the poor brute in the open, you as often as not dig him out," sneered Fawney.

"Only after a stiff run, when there's danger of the fox going stiff in his earth and dying of starvation," corrected the Master. "Then we give hounds the blood they deserve."

"Very specious," retorted Fawney, and went off for his round of golf.

And next morning, just before dawn, the old dog-fox who had weathered three parts of the season, loped home full fed, like a gentleman of fashion. He'd had a pleasant time amongst the poultry up at Croft's Farm, and now needed sleep.

But reaching his "earth" in the gorse patch, he found the entrance had been blocked with a bundle of faggots pushed endways down the opening. This sort of thing had happened to him before; and although the memory was hazy, he vaguely recalled some sort of subsequent excitement.

He was too drowsy after his full feed and night's delight to worry, and, finding some dry bracken in the heart of the brake, he coiled himself up and slept.

He awoke abruptly four hours later; and, obeying instinct, remained perfectly still, with every sense alert. The sun was shining, and a slight breeze from the west was moving the spikes of gorse with a rasping whisper. Rabbits were moving restlessly whilst they fed not far away, and a stoat passed with swift intent; jays were chattering in the trees to the east, and a tractor was moaning up towards Croft's Farm.

But the fox heard other sounds. Mask close to ground, ears pricked, he was listening to the whispering shuffle of hounds' pads in the lane to the right, and the "clip-clomp" of horses' hoofs.

To his nostrils came the taint of humans; and lifting himself, he stretched, whilst the red-brown hair of his hackles rose to his tightening nerves. A cock-pheasant got up suddenly with a strident cry; the jays chattered louder and flew further into the wood; and then—

"E-leu in there! Wind 'im me beauties!"

His body, now taught as a stretched wire, his amber eyes two pin-points of cunning light, the fox paused only for a second longer. Now he remembered what that spiked entrance to his home had preluded. His natural enemies, man and hound, were at hand!

Like a brown shadow he vanished from the gorse, edging to the left out of the wind.

He heard the crash of his foes approach, and slid, flat as a snake, to the top of the covert; then, dropping into a ditch, he rippled along the bottom like a jet of tawny water, and jumped out into a field of roots beyond a stiff and pursuit-hindering hedge. Behind, he heard a young hound give tongue excitedly. It was answered in a chorus. A human voice screeched; a horn tooted, and hounds began to sing to his scent.

His acute brain forming a plan, he skirted the field and made for the big "earth" over Rockmoor way, where his last season's vixen had whelped. There he would turf-out one of the youngsters, now fully grown, to carry on, and

(Continued on page 512)

This England . . .



Pelynt, Cornwall

THE weather-lore of the people has centuries of experience behind it, though perforce it is but local—just as Authority's decree is general. The sunrise tells much, strong colours, high dawns or over-much clarity portending rain or storm. As do indeed the movements of the beasts—do they not say that madly-squeaking swine can “see the wind”? For the townsman there is chimney smoke that plunges back to earth, old Fido's sluggishness, the flies' attachment to the ceiling, or the clarity of stars seen over-night. And if, despite all, the rain should catch you summer-clad, or sudden sun parboil you in your cautious coat, there is your Worthington to save or soothe. For this, too, is come by centuries of observation of man's need—in every aspect that our climate wears.



THE VARMINT—(Continued from page 510)

confuse the scent. The more foxes he could get afoot, the safer would be his own brush.

Crossing adjoining pasture, he knew, from the sound, that hounds were hunting fast and sure. Sheep were in fold with their lambs in the next field; and, swinging right-handed, he went through the flock like a flash of brown light. The reek, he knew, would foil hounds and check them for a space.

Then, slipping into a lane, he ran up the ditch, nipped across the road behind a petrol-stinking car, doubled back along the drain on the left of the lane, and made for Rockmoor Rise. Swiftly he slid into the pine-scented plantation at the summit, saw one of his sons curled up asleep in the ling; blew an arousing warning into the pricked ear, and watched the startled youngster streak away.

Now that the scent was split, he could take things more easily; and dropping down the hill-side at right-angles to his previous line, he made for the shelter of the beech covert. But amongst the beeches jays screamed at him, and, crouching low from their nagging, betraying tongues, he made once more for the open.

After four miles of swift travel, the breath was a trifle hot in his lungs; and out on the moor the ling, heavy with moisture, hindered his progress. If hounds were clever and, refusing to be led astray by the fresher scent of the young fox, kept to his line, they, with their longer legs, would soon overhaul him. Turning like a blown leaf, he doubled his tracks for a couple of hundred yards to a rabbit-warren he had winded: there he rolled in a pile of fresh droppings, and with his scent killed for a space, struck off at right-angles, threading through the bracken until he reached the railway-line. Here he crossed and re-crossed the metals a dozen times,



Stuart Hamilton.

MRS. ARTHUR TOWLE (MARGERY LAWRENCE)

Whose new book, "The Bridge of Wonder," dealing with spiritualism, has just been published by Robert Hale, and which is expected to create great interest, as it deals dramatically with one of the most burning questions of the day

the creosote of the sleepers killing his trail; and then dropped into the Benton Brook where it passed under the line. Floating down with the current, he felt the cool water refreshing him, and he knew from the fact that no sound came from hounds that they were at fault at one or other of the "baulks" he had set them; or perhaps they had picked up the drag of the youngster. They wouldn't catch him, for he was fresh, and they had done four miles or more at top speed.

Satisfied that he was safe, he scrambled from the water through the rushes at Folton Bottom. He surprised a dabchick, and bit off its head for fun. Then, pleasantly tired, he ambled back to the gorse from which he had started. That was the safest place of all for him to lie-up in now.

He slept soundly all afternoon and all evening until midnight; then awoke and stretched himself. He was hungry after his exercise and rest. He had given the humans their fun, and now he would enjoy himself. Padding off to Tebbut's Farm, he nipped the heads off half-a-dozen hens before selecting the plumpest for his meal.

It was as he glided under the hedge round Beacon Copse that he sprang the trap. The steel teeth buried themselves into his fore-pads and held them fast. And since old Tebbut was laid up with the "screws" and had forgotten all about the trap, it was two days before the fox was found. He had died from gangrene at dawn that morning.

And that evening Fawney met Laytham, M.F.H., again. "How many foxes did you murder the other day?" he asked.

"None," answered the Master, with a smile. "We got on to a straight-necked customer in Shepherd's Gorse first go-off, and he gave us a good gallop; but he was too clever for us, and we lost him. We didn't find again."

"Splendid! Thank goodness the poor brute escaped your devilish hounds!" said Fawney, and walked away, aglow with his misguided humanity.



Harlip

MISS SUSAN HAMBRO: A RECENT PORTRAIT

The daughter of Lady Hambro and the late Major-General Sir Percy Hambro is a popular member of society's young brigade. General Hambro was in the 15th Hussars at that time when they were at the peak of their polo fame, and he was also an enthusiastic hunter of the hog—or fierce Indian pig very wild

The Lady desires to be anonymous....

but graciously consents to the publication of this picture of beauty and charm enhanced by a carefully chosen two-row necklace. It is whispered among her friends that these wonderful pearls must have cost a small fortune, but that's her secret, and Tecla's. Besides rare specimens costing over a thousand pounds Tecla has fine quality cultured real pearl necklets at prices down to as little as five guineas per row — guaranteed for a lifetime. May we show you our collection? There will be no pressure to buy.



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AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART



THE LATE SIR PHILIP SASSOON

The untimely death of the former Under-Secretary of State for Air and lately First Commissioner of Works was a very great blow to his almost countless friends. Sir Philip Sassoon was only fifty. Quite apart from his value as a public servant of the State, his was a most charming personality. His death is likewise a loss to the world of art, of which he was a great patron, and his cultured taste enabled him to acquire a particularly fine collection

nobody who believes in aviation can bear to see a stretch of water without wanting to run an air line across it. There is something attractively logical about flight over water; for it is really a case of choosing the line of least resistance. Water is beastly stuff; unfit not only to drink, but also to move through in a boat owing to its heaviness. One has only to try the curious experience of drinking a tumbler of water to realise what heavy, unadaptable stuff it is, for it feels like lead on the stomach; and the ship that tries to plough its way through it finds that it feels like lead against the prow. The air is more amenable, so that the air way must be held to be the best way of making ocean passages.

The very fact that the names that stand out in aeronautical history are those of Blériot and Alcock and Brown shows the importance that is attached to pioneer work over water. The names of those who made pioneer flights over less liquid routes are less clearly remembered. And now we are at the practical application stage. Not only are the preparations going forward for the commercial Atlantic air lines—the first of the Short "G" class flying-boats will probably have been launched by the time these notes appear—but in addition the air way is being used as the normal one for the delivery of new types of military machine. Thus we have the Handley Page "Hampdens," to be flown across the Atlantic when they are ready; the Vickers "Wellingtons," to be flown out to New Zealand; and the Bristol "Beauforts," to be flown from England and Australia to their stations in the Far East and other parts. So the oceans can no longer be said to break up the British Empire. Empire strategy as well as Empire communications have been profoundly altered by the aviation development which has occurred since Alcock and Brown's great flight on June 14, 1919.

Atlantic.

WHERE the ocean is, there will your aeroplane be also. The Atlantic has been a big stimulus to aeronautical development. It was only twenty years ago to-day that the first non-stop flight across it was made by Alcock and Brown, yet the United States have now started a regular service. The truth is that

Garden Parties.

On Saturday the Brooklands Garden-Party—originally dated for last week but subsequently put forward—will take place. Later on, on June 24, there will be the Royal Air Force garden-party at Trent Park. This will be the second event of the kind to be held by the Royal Air Force, and all officers, past and present, of the R.A.F., the A.A.F., the R.A.F. Reserves, and the Women's Royal Air Force are invited (with their wives and their sons and daughters of over sixteen years of age) as well as members of various other related services. Application for tickets has to be made to the Secretary of the R.A.F. garden-party committee at the Air Ministry.

At Brooklands, if I may return there for a moment, work is now going ahead for new workshops to be erected at the headquarters of the Brooklands Squadron of the Air Defence Cadets. This squadron is now up to strength and has a waiting-list of about forty. Incidentally, Captain Bush has once again taken up the appointment of club secretary. For the last week about which I have information 133 hours 50 minutes were flown. Several of the pupils are taking out "B" licences and going through instructors' courses.

Sir Philip Sassoon.

Mention of Trent Park, where the Royal Air Force garden-party is to be held, brings back memories of Sir Philip Sassoon, for one of the last things he did was to lend this fine estate for this purpose. The



LORD AND LADY TRENCHARD AND THEIR SONS AT THE "FOURTH OF JUNE" AT ETON

As a good many people know, Eton had to celebrate George III.'s birthday on the 3rd, as the 4th was a Sunday. A couple of full pages of pictures appear elsewhere in this issue. The two sons of the famous former Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police are the Hon. Hugh and the Hon. Thomas Trenchard. Lord Trenchard's mother regiment was the Royal Scots Fusiliers, but afterwards he soared to great heights in the Air. He eventually became a Marshal of the Royal Air Force in 1927

loss of Sir Philip is a bad blow to aviation, for he was one of the few politicians who had a practical knowledge of flying and who found himself in sympathy with people who fly. I met him a great many times when he was Under-Secretary of State for Air, and his highly cultivated attitude towards life fascinated me. At Press conferences his inscrutable expression and his ability to find the answer which turneth away too much inquisitiveness evoked admiration.

(Continued on page 518)



CHINESE GENERAL'S SON AS A PILOT

Youthful Chang Hseuh Liang's father is only second in military rank to the great Chiang Kai Shek himself. Chang Hseuh Liang is being trained at Southampton; after that he goes to the U.S.A. for further experience and then straight into the Chinese Air Force



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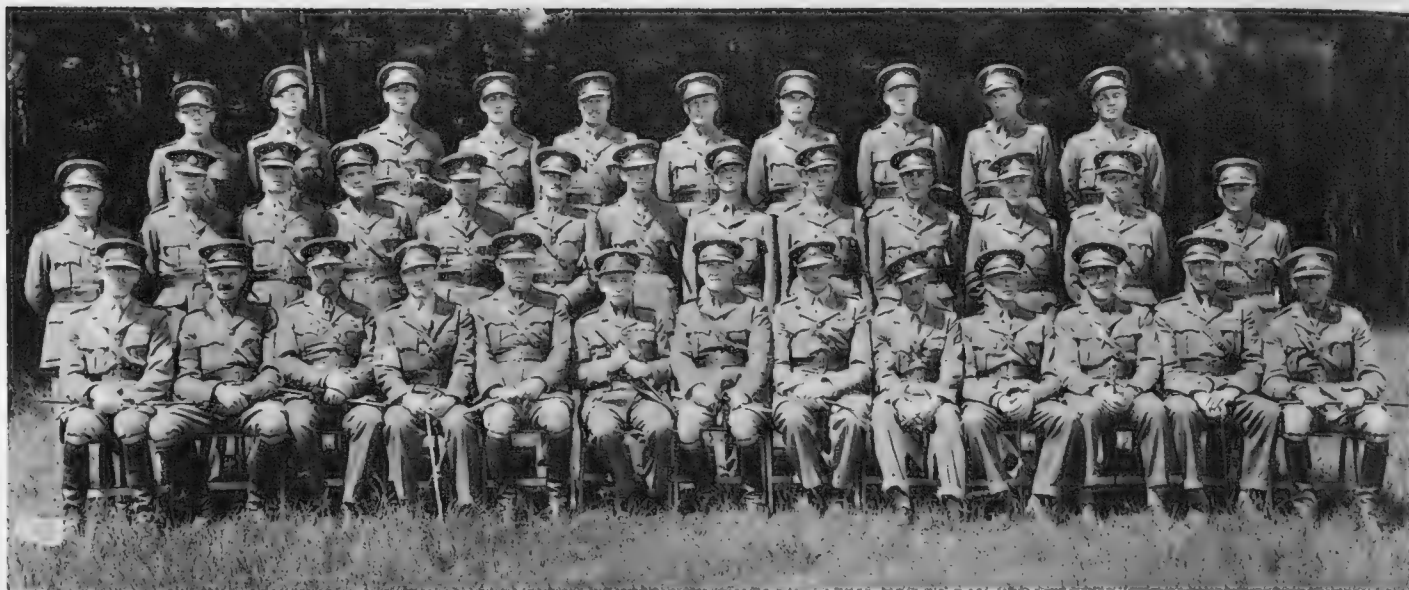


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THE DERBYSHIRE YEOMANRY (THE 24th ARMoured CAR COMPANY) AT TIDWORTH

A group taken at Windmill Hill, where this unit was in camp for its annual training and on the day the C.O. and officers had some distinguished visitors, who included the G.O.C. Northern Command, General Sir William Bartholomew, and some other senior officers, amongst them the former C.O. of the Bays, Brigadier Evelyn Fanshawe, O.C. 20th Cavalry Brigade

The full list of names is: (front row, l. to r.) Capt. A. Gemmell (Adjutant), 12th Royal Lancers; Capt. Scott (A.D.C.), Lieut.-Colonel T. H. Barnes, Capt. J. Collingwood (4th Hussars, Bde. Major), Major R. K. Knowles, General Sir William H. Bartholomew (G.O.C. Northern Command), Lieut.-Colonel A. Knowles (C.O.), Brig. E. Fanshawe (O.C. 20th Cav. Bde.), Lieut.-Colonel Sir Philip Brocklehurst (R. of O), Major Sir Ian Walker, Major L. A. Clowes, Major Gordon Morrison (R.A.M.C.), Capt. W. E. S. Whetherly (K.D.G.'s, Assistant Adjutant); (second row) Lieut. F. G. Hartree (Quarter-master), Capt. J. Clowes, Capt. F. Ley, Capt. J. C. Inglefield, Lieut. R. O. N. Curzon, Lieut. Hon. J. Bingham, 2nd Lieut. R. Jelf, 2nd Lieut. H. B. Waller, 2nd Lieut. E. A. Clarke, 2nd Lieut. R. de Zoete, Lieut. J. Davie, Lieut. N. S. Brundell, 2nd Lieut. E. D. Thompson; (third row) 2nd Lieut. E. S. Fitzherbert, 2nd Lieut. G. R. Trollope, 2nd Lieut. D. Constant, 2nd Lieut. H. J. M. Spurrier, 2nd Lieut. E. T. Baring, 2nd Lieut. G. F. Ellison, 2nd Lieut. D. V. Roberts, 2nd Lieut. G. E. T. M. Hardy, 2nd Lieut. A. M. Hardy, 2nd Lieut. F. R. Wragg

Well Done, Gardner!

MAJOR A. T. G. GARDNER, M.C., 6 feet 6 inches giant speedman, has done it again, and by attaining a speed of well over 200 m.p.h. on his 1100-c.c. M.G., on the new German motor-road near Dessau, has crowned his racing career with one more astonishing success. Just think of it: a car weighing under 15 cwt. (equivalent to the weight of an ordinary baby "Eight"), yet with an engine that develops over 200 b.h.p. at 7000 or 8000 r.p.m. Officially, this M.G. is rated at 12 h.p. It has a bronze cylinder-head, hollow sodium-cooled exhaust valves, and a valve-timing with an enormous overlap. At full speed the fuel consumption is 8-9 m.p.g., and a small amount of castor-oil is used with the mixture.

The car itself is as remarkable as its engine. All the wheels are enclosed, and also run in boxes to prevent pumping losses. The bottom of the body is flat, with a negative angle of incidence to assist stability and decrease drag at speed. The only part of the shell which projects is the helmet for the driver's head. This, like the steering-wheel, is detachable. The driver reclines in the cockpit, and as the engine and transmission are offset in the frame, this lounging position reduces wind resistance to the minimum.

The Raymond "Maystro."

The most remarkable thing about Shelsley Walsh hill-climbs is the sustained form of Raymond Mays, twelve times record beater. Mays first broke the record in 1923, in 52.4 seconds. A few days ago he broke his last year's record with 37.37 seconds. This is equivalent to a speed of 55 miles an hour averaged from a standing start up 1000 yards of 1-in-9 gradient, including several acute bends. On the ascent the fastest cars touch 90 miles an hour on a

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

road a few feet wide. Phew! the thing seems almost impossible.

Miss Stanley-Turner beat the women's record at the same event on an Alta, with 43.4 seconds: Several racing Austins, 750-c.c. mites, with engines giving 100 h.p. and turning over at 7000-10,000 r.p.m., also put up astonishing times.

The Scottish Rally.

The Scottish Rally was voted the jolliest ever held. Weather was glorious, the scenery magnificent and varied, and the daily tests both interesting and exciting. You who browse round Scotland in the genteel manner, sticking to main roads with frequent stops to admire the scenery, can have no idea of the hammering a car gets under Rally conditions. On some sections of the 800-miles' course, the road is continually wriggling in two dimensions, up and down, and left and right. Competitors invariably drive as fast as possible, so that these waggling sections impose an immense strain on the frames, steering and suspension. And, judging from my observations, the modern car has been greatly improved in these respects.

As usual, most of the famous Scottish hills were included. But to-day even the hairpins of the Kenmore-Amulree track have no terrors for the modern car. So in order to sort things out, the Royal Scottish A.C. staged a test on each day's run. The first took place in the grounds of Taymouth Castle, and was intended to test the brakes. Few failed, and then mostly on account of ignorance of what they were supposed to do. The second test was most exciting, a standing half mile followed by a quick braking test. As the "Tens" attained upwards of 70 m.p.h., and the big cars like the Lagon-das, S.S., Mercury, Daimlers, Sunbeam-Talbots, and Ford "V-8's" anything from 70 to 90 m.p.h. at the finishing-line, we had thrills in plenty. Miss Sleigh, daughter of Sir William Sleigh,



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Millions and millions of people know the celebrated ring-master of Bertram Mills' Circus, now carried on by his sons. Mr. Foster knows all about horses and many other animals and is also a pretty good judge of a good car

(Continued on page 518)



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Air Eddies—(Continued from page 514)

It may seem an irrelevant point, but I was also always struck by the excellence of his taste in clothes. He succeeded here because he concentrated on the essentials of cut and colour and excluded all accessory decorations. In fact he dressed with the severest plainness, yet the effect was pleasing on account of its rigid renunciation of the decorative touch whether in jewellery, buttonholes or anything else. His houses reflected his good taste. The swimming pool, although small, at Trent Park, specially appealed to me owing partly to its setting against the flower beds at the end.

The Third Route.

I have just been looking back at what I consider to be Sir Philip Sassoon's best book, "The Third Route," but I can find no date on it to tell me exactly when it appeared. My recollection is that it came out in April some ten years ago. It deals with Sir Philip's journey in a Royal Air Force flying boat from Plymouth to France, down the French coast to the Mediterranean, across to Naples and Athens, then to Cairo where he changed to a landplane and did a round of visits in Egypt and the Sudan. Palestine, the Syrian Desert, Iraq, Baghdad, Basra and then Karachi were the other chief places visited.

This is—as I said when I first read it—one of the best books yet written on air travel. Sir Philip's good taste and his eye for spectacle served him well in compiling it. The name, "The Third Route," refers to the air route to India. The first route was the one taken by Vasco da Gama in 1497, round by the Cape to Bombay; and the second was the Suez Canal Route of 1869. This was Sassoon's conclusion: "There is an immense future before the big multi-engined flying boat in the development of air communications within the Empire. The air-worthiness is established, and a very considerable degree of seaworthiness has already been attained . . . They are unquestionably the most comfortable of flying craft yet devised." He made there a prediction which has been fully justified by events. It is comforting to think that he lived long enough to see that justification.

Petrol Vapour—(Continued from page 516)

on an S.S. 100 made the best time, incidentally beating her brother. One competitor, braking too suddenly, left the private road and ended up among the long grass and trees. Another, a lady, dashed straight across the final barrier and smashed her headlamps. Another gave the

most terrifying exhibition of wheel "tramp" owing to fierce braking with slack shock-absorbers.

Round the Roundabout.

The two manoeuvrability tests were amusing. The first consisted in a series of forward and reverse motions round a roundabout. Fastest time was made by a Wolseley "Ten," a wonderful exhibition of acceleration, braking, stability and handiness. The other test provided the big thrill of the rally, competitors being required to make figures of eight, the fastest from start to stop being the winner. Some of the softly-sprung cars heeled over at the most fantastic angles, tyres screaming and spurring gravel in all directions. A small car actually overturned, luckily without much damage to itself or passengers. The "come to the kerb" test demonstrated how difficult it is even for an expert in an open car to pull up with both near-side wheels within ten inches of the kerb.

The Winners.

Here are the winners of the various classes.

Open Cars under 1,300 c.c. : W. A. Goodall (Morgan).

Closed Cars under 1,300 c.c. : R. W. Fursdon (Wolseley).

Open Cars between 1,300 and 2,200 c.c. : Miss Beetson (Riley).

Closed Cars between 1,300 and 2,200 c.c. : D. H. Murray (Frazer Nash-B.M.W.).

Open Cars exceeding 2,200 c.c. : R. N. Clarkson (Ford).

Closed Cars exceeding 2,200 c.c. : C. E. W. Sleight (Humber).

Open Cars (Ladies') : Miss J. S. Sleight (S.S.).

Closed Cars (Ladies') : Mrs. Wisdom (Morris).

Furth of Scotland Prize : J. F. Montgomery (S.S.).

Perseverance Prize : I. N. Mackay (M.G.).

Team Prize : R. N. Clarkson (Ford).

S.S.C.C. Prize : Yorks S.C.C.

The Long-distance Family.

London—Pitlochry, 400 and something miles seems a long way to go for a weekend game of golf. But that run is done several times yearly by a family I met in Scotland. The usual drill is to leave London after dinner on Friday and reach Pitlochry in time for breakfast next morning. The car is a Ford "V-8," the driving of which is shared by father and daughter. When the former has had enough he retires to the back seat for a sleep, his daughter then carrying on with instructions not to exceed 35 m.p.h.

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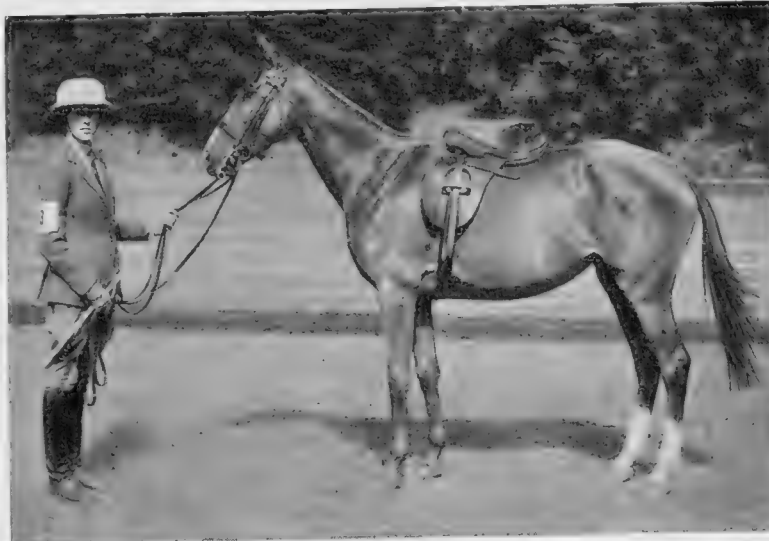
Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

Polo Notes—(Continued from page 508)

put in No. 2 in front of Hitchcock and Winston Guest. Iglehart never seemed to be happy in the stern sheets, and why they ever thought of looking any further than their 1936 back, Winston Guest, puzzled a good many people. The ideal American team, according to many people's ideas, would have been the Old Westbury three in front with Winston Guest behind. That would have read: Phipps, Smith, Iglehart, Guest. Old Westbury won the American Open two years running (1937, 1938) with C. V. Whitney back. The front end was called the best America had ever seen. Tommy Hitchcock rated the world's greatest, was, however, given command and as No. 3 is the spot for the O.C. operations, and as it was unthinkable to contemplate leaving Iglehart out, there was no place but back for him. To mess about with the other two could not, of course, be considered.

Last minute personal detail served up was: that T. Hitchcock was on the down grade; Iglehart ill; Phipps a sprained wrist; Tyrrell-Martin off his game; Balding only just recovering, and Skene not finding the target as he had been doing. If all this had been true they would not have had any International match at all except with a lot of cripples on lame ponies. They also went for Tyrrell-Martin for being too fond of going up into the game, but in the same breath told us that he played the long-stop game. The two things do not square. At that same instant they praised Winston Guest for his opportunism and readiness to go straight through and bag as many goals as he could! What is a poor polo player to think when he gets this sort of thing served up to him? Another playful



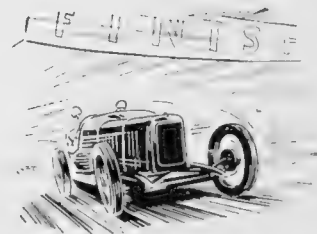
A WINNER AT THE SIMLA SHOW

This photograph just received was taken at the Simla Horse Show, which was held at the bosky Annandale Race-course, Simla. H. E. the Marchioness of Linlithgow, who was an exhibitor, distributed the prizes. The photograph shows Mrs. Dalton with her San Dancer with which she won first prize in the Ladies Hacks class (open, astride or side-saddle), and H. E. the Governor of the Punjab's prize

suggestion was that our only chance was to hand out the rough stuff. Quite apart from the fact that that sort of thing is not strict polo, or in fact polo at all, it is very inadvisable to try it on with an American team. There is this further, of course, that nothing knocks the stuffing out of the ponies quicker than to ask them to play rugger.

As to the Inter-Regimental, it has all gone, more or less, according to Cocker so far, though London has seen nothing of it, no soldier being allowed to be off his beat these days. Tidworth and Aldershot are having all the best of it. The Bays after putting out the 3rd Hussars (who had only their commanding officer Lieutenant-Colonel G. E.

Younghusband of their last year's team) 10 to 9 were put out 10 to 7 by the 9th Lancers whose team was skippered by Captain G. E. Prior Palmer. The K. D. G.'s beat the 4th/7th D. G.'s quite decisively 8 to 4, but when they bumped into the 12th Lancers, they were put out 10 to 4. Writing of course at rather a disadvantage, I still think that the 12th will be ugly customers for any one to tackle, and one of the principal reasons why so many people think the same way is because of their No. 3, Captain A. M. Horsburgh-Porter. He has only a six handicap at the moment, but that cannot last very long and when the revisions come out, he is bound to be put up. He is a long way above ordinary regimental class in the same way as another soldier, No. 6, Major W. R. N. Hinde is. The latter is 15th/19th Hussars, who are now handed out as a strong tip. The reference number for any one interested in these two very good performers is the Empire Cup at Hurlingham the other day. They were in opposite sides but they stood clean out.



IT'S STILL THERE

Unless you know your motoring history, you'd never guess that under the sleek bonnet of this dignified saloon every heartbeat of its engine speaks of Brooklands breeding. Unless you turn your head you'll never know whether an Alvis Speed 25 is doing 9 or 99 miles an hour, for it heralds its approach with the merest

whisper. And unless you take the wheel of a Speed 25 and feel that mighty acceleration respond beneath your toe, you'll never know the world's greatest driving thrill—a thrill only made possible by a masterpiece of engineering, built from first to last by unhurried hands with infinite care.

THE ALVIS RANGE, from £425 to £1,195: 12/70 from £425. "Silver Crest" from £595. Speed 25 4-door Saloon £885. (Drophead Coupé £885. Sports Tourer £735.) 4.3 litre from £995. London Showrooms: 7/9 St. James's St., S.W.1 (Whitehall 8506). Alvis Limited, Coventry.

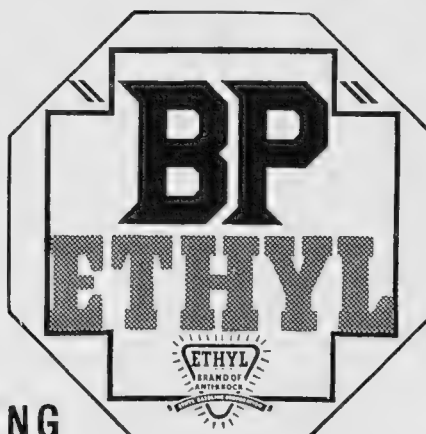
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*Fastest Walkers. 2 mile Walk : 13 mins. 11.4 secs.
Established 1904. 5 mile Walk : 35 mins. 47.2 secs.
Established 1932. Both held by Great Britain.*

... The sportsman's ETHYL—



PLUS A LITTLE SOMETHING

The Highway of Fashion

By M.E. Brooke

TWO TO ONE ON: A WINNER

IN THE DRESS STAKES



THE Paquin gown on this page prides itself on its gracious loveliness. White gros toile is the material, the trimming being heavy embroidery on handkerchief linen which is likewise used for the bolero and shady hat. The corselet is flattering, and so is the handkerchief linen chemisette. It has been specially created for the night-time galas at Longchamps and other important social functions of a similar nature. Many of the models at Paquin's (39 Dover Street) mid-season collection were inspired by the early 1900's. Standing out with prominence was an evening gown of fine white tulle and stitched satin, and another of tea coloured tulle and lace. Altogether charming were the tailleurs of summer flannel in the gayest colours. For cruising there was a handsome ensemble with a white woollen coat lined with brilliant red surah and a dress of the latter shade. The needs of the younger woman have been carefully considered, and for them there is an infinite variety of easy-to-wear frocks

Pictures by Blake

Perfume by Yardley

LAVENDER OF COURSE —

For Royal Ascot she chooses a gown by Peter Russell in heavy romaine. A bunch of sweet peas at her waist, rare chinchilla — and the "Lovable Fragrance" of Yardley Lavender. No perfume is so apt for outdoor occasions, so charmingly youthful for lighthearted days and informal evenings too. Its delicate freshness and simple charm makes its choice for such occasions inevitable — and fashion's newest note is not more fashionable.



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2/6. Face Powder 2/-. Lavendomeal 3/- to 9/6. Talc 2/6.

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Summer Days

WEATHER prophets declare that when Midsummer Day arrives, the loveliest weather will be our portion and that the sun will boldly come out from behind the clouds. This is likewise the opinion of Waring's, Oxford Street, since they have contributed to this page the altogether charming off-white frocks on the left. The simple dress on the right of the group is expressed in a new fabric which has the appearance of silk linen. There are inverted pleats both in the front and back, the handkerchief and sash being gaily coloured, and the coat, well, it is only six guineas. The fancy crêpe-canvas has been used for the ensemble on the extreme left. The dress has short sleeves, drawn thread work being used for decorative purposes. As will be seen, the sleeves of the coat are long, and it is trimmed to match the dress. Then it must be related that the scarf is attached to the coat and may be arranged in a variety of ways. The attractive hats may also be seen in these salons. On application this firm would be pleased to send their brochure, "Away to the Sunshine".

Picture by Blake

Hurrah for DAKS



*...the perfect
slacks for
women!*



Whether you're already addicted to trousers or have never worn a pair in your life—you'll fall for women's Daks! Same sleek fit at the waist, same faultless hang, shirt control and comfort-in-action as men's Daks. And made in the same fifty colours and eight materials. Get grey or blue flannels for week-ends. Wear clean crash cheviots for golf. Have gay crease-resisting linens for the beach. There are Daks jackets tailored in the same perfect way to match. Get one—and be complete in a Daks suit! Daks are sold at all good women's shops and local Daks agents, who will show you the complete 1939 colour chart. If you have any difficulty, write to Simpson, 202 Piccadilly, London, W.1. Daks, 30/- Daks jackets, *from 3 gns.*

TAILORED BY SIMPSON



"AIR-SPUN" is the registered name of the process by which Coty face powder is made. The ingredients are mixed and blended by scientifically designed machinery which forces the powder through a whirling current of pure air. This clinging, feathery powder will never clog the pores



IT is at the New York World's Fair that the imposing "Maison Coty" portrayed above may be seen. A face-powder box crowns the edifice, which at night is floodlit—a most inspiring spectacle. A brilliantly lighted rotunda with an arcade of shops is to be seen inside this wondrous building which has more than a passing resemblance to Aladdin's cave. It is only natural that the whole "Paris" series is here to be studied, not overlooking the perfume; a bottle and its container may be seen on the left. These have also gone into residence at the Coty Salon, 2 New Bond Street. And as cleansing is absolutely necessary where beauty is concerned a bottle of "Calavo" Avocado Beauty Milk is illustrated. Coty have taken the valuable oil of the Calavo avocado pear and introduced it in the lotion. Again there is the Foundation Cream, a perfect powder base



Pictures by Blake



"EVERYBODY'S SATISFIED"

says OLD HETHERS

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Orange as you prefer

For fun and sun France



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For scenery that you simply can't write home about
For food that's so deliciously different
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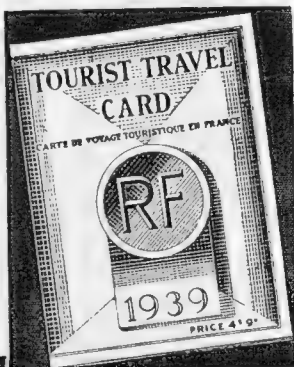
of about 3d. a gallon for motorists (maximum
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*and don't forget PARIS
the ever gay the ever new*



Lawn Tennis—(Continued from page 506)

companion, and though it would never happen that Mrs. Larcombe would let one word of self-pity pass her lips, all her friends and pupils, who are also her friends, will be thinking of her and wishing her well at the same time as they are wishing her husband a complete recovery, and many years' service still to come in his important rôle at Wimbledon.

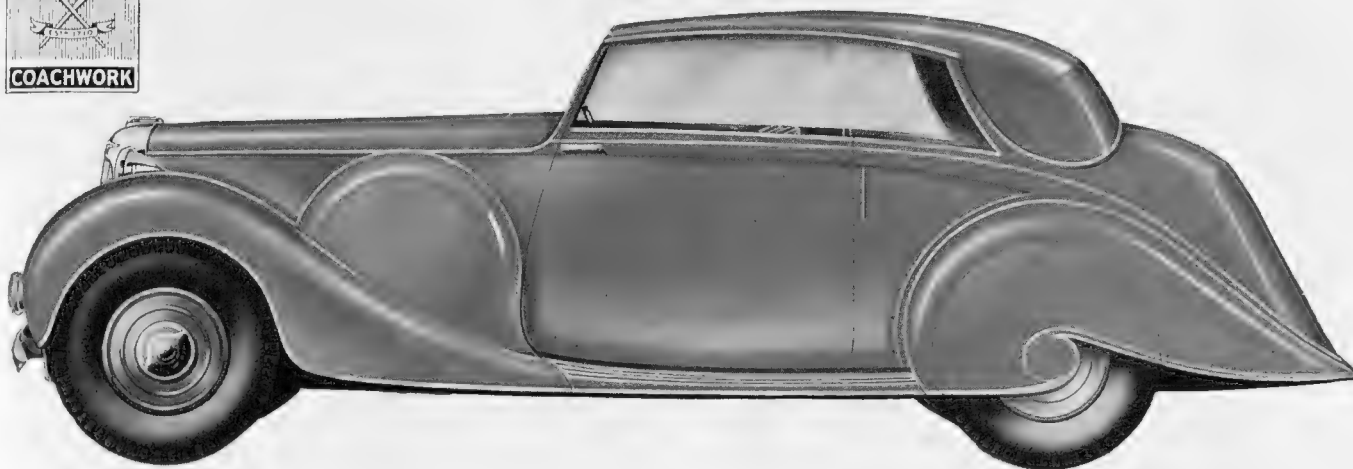
Somehow, I can't help feeling that Wimbledon this year is going to be a decimated meeting altogether. Who is going to provide the high-lights? Who will make the crawl up Putney Hill worth while? Who will make the ticket touts certain that they are on a safe thing? There is only one new name likely to cause a flutter of interest. Bobby Riggs, the Bad Boy from America. They are hoping for some fireworks from him. I hope, too, that he will stay in the tournament long enough for public interest to oil the hinges of the turnstiles. I am not too optimistic myself. I think he may be too overawed by the green virginity of the scene to let himself go at all. And even if he does, I doubt if he is sufficiently a class player yet to make up the three-thousand-pound deficit that Wimbledon was down last year on daily takings. That's quite a considerable sum, isn't it? Of course, tickets in the stands go fast enough, but the real revenue comes from all the day tickets being sold, and only standing room left, even round the outer courts.

Well, maybe, Bobby will pack 'em in: he has certainly got a cheek and a way with him, and shorts as short as Frankie Parker, and more vim in his forehand. But no Australians. No South African team. No Moody. It sounds pretty dreary to me. Somehow half the interest that Alice Marble and Helen Jacobs create comes from a subconscious curiosity as to whether they will survive to dethrone the other Helen. The rumours have started, of course, that she may be coming, after all, but I don't think she will risk yet a third come-back, and why should she? She got what she wanted. The record is hers, and she never came to Wimbledon for pleasant comradely intercourse with other players, or else she would never have behaved as though she was in perpetual quarantine. And after what happened in the final last year, one can't help feeling that there would be no need this time to create for herself an atmosphere of isolation. No, she is wiser to stay in the States and count her championships. I see, by the way, that Bunny Austin has been playing (friendly) singles with her, and he will be back for Wimbledon, after all. I am delighted about that, but I can't help feeling that he has left it too late to make the grade. Now if he had had a month's intensive training with our Davis Cup team, that would have been another matter. Which reminds me again, that you might like to hear the end of the story about Hughes and our Davis Cup committee that was so rightly published the other Sunday by that admirably accurate sports writer, Laddie Lucas. He told how months ago now Hughes had offered himself as training practice for our doubles pair. Hadn't he played all over the world against all the greatest combinations? Hadn't he been a member of the team that brought the cup back to this country? Hadn't he the reputation of being one of the cleverest doubles players that have appeared in the final at Wimbledon since the War? Hasn't he...

But, of course, he had. So it was a swell gesture on his part, and the committee should have been very grateful. But were they? It seems incredible, but as Lucas relates, his offer was completely ignored. But what is even more incredible is the sequel that he does not relate. Having waited for weeks for an answer to his friendly offer, Hughes rang up the secretary of the L.T.A., who, on the phone, actually admitted that the proposal had never been put before the right committee. This, apparently, is the excuse always given, when someone thinks of the right idea, before the official body has had time to come out of its winter sleep. They are so piqued... that they pass it by. That sounds incredible, too, I know... but just wait for the final curtain. After that further snub, for his pains, Hughes shrugged his shoulders and dismissed the whole matter from his mind. What was his astonishment, therefore, when two days before our Davis Cup tie against France, the secretary rang him up this time and said exactly three words: four o'clock this afternoon. What do you mean? four o'clock this afternoon, Hughes repeated. You are to be at Wimbledon at four this afternoon to give the team practice. Am I...

We will draw another veil over the rest of the conversation. A jolly body aren't they? So considerate and understanding. Still, it is a pleasant thought on this perfect June afternoon to know that the body has a splendid thorn in its flesh in the persons of Mr. Nigel Sharpe and Mr. Herman David, who are there in an advisory capacity, on the express recommendation of Sir Samuel Hoare. Now each time that a team is being selected to go across the seas and represent our country not only on the playing-fields but off the courts as well, these two advisers are invited to put forward their own suggested team. And does it surprise you, there is hardly a name that is the same on their list as on the one put forward in turn by the major body? You see it is like this. Mr. Sharpe and Mr. David naturally assume that they are being asked to choose a team of amateur tennis players. Wouldn't you if you were in their place, make the same mistake? If it is a mistake...

That's all for this week, I think. But remind me before long to tell you yet another sad story—the story of the shamateur who no longer wishes to play with the brand of racket that brought him fame and fortune. Don't forget, will you?



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(Subject to
Official Confirmation)





LADY STAVORDALE AND LORD CADOGAN
SUPPING AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS

BELOW RIGHT: MR. COLIN DAVIDSON AND
LADY ALEXANDRA METCALFE AT THE
"LOUISE" PREMIÈRE

Now that the London Season is more or less in full swing, the hours between 6 p.m. and anything up to 4 and 5 a.m. are pretty well filled up one way and another. The Café de Paris is still as popular as ever and seen there recently were Lady Stavordale having supper with Lord Cadogan. Lord Stavordale is Lord Ilchester's son and heir, and the latter is



AS ALSO WERE MR. PARKER BOWLES
AND THE HON. DAPHNE PARSON

Senior Steward of the Jockey Club. Lord Cadogan is a Lieutenant in the Coldstream (Reserve). Lord Cowdray's sister, the Hon. Daphne Pearson, has just recently announced her engagement to Mr. John Lakin, who is now with the English Polo Team in America. Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, whose husband has just undergone a serious operation, and to whom everybody's wishes go out for a speedy recovery, was at the Carlton for the première of *Louise*, adapted from Charpentier's opera, with Grace Moore in the leading rôle.

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS LORNA WHITEHOUSE

Who is engaged to Mr. J. H. Geach, son of Mr. and the late Mrs. J. H. Geach, of Bodmin, Cornwall. Miss Whitehouse is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Whitehouse, of Pinchurst, Cheltenham

Finlaystone, Langbank, Renfrewshire; Mr. H. Steele, only son of the Right Hon. Henry Steele, Lord Provost of the City of Edinburgh, and Mrs. Steele, Ormelie, Joppa, and Jean Inverarity Mungall Allison, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Allison, Glenavon, Colinton Road, Edinburgh; Squadron Leader E. R. Pearce, second son of Mr. H. Pearce, of Chelford, and the late Mrs. Pearce, and Helen Patricia, daughter of the late Mr. Ronald Meldrum, of Bickley, and Mrs. Sparks, wife of Dr. E. A. Sparks, of Falmouth; Mr. J. A. McKay, 3rd/9th Jat. Regiment, son of the late Mr. J. W. McKay, I.S.O., Secretary Bengal Legislative Council, and Mrs. McKay, London, and Una M. F. Morrell, younger daughter of the late Mr. W. J. Morrell and Mrs. Morrell, of Twickenham; Mr. T. H. P. Lloyd, younger son of Major and Mrs. T. H. Lloyd, of Padua House, Wimbledon, and Anne, second daughter of Rear-Admiral Arthur Bromley, C.M.G., C.V.O., and Mrs. Bromley, Cadogan Square, S.W.1; Mr. G. Berridge,

Marrying Today.

Mr. E. N. C. Dickinson, Nigerian Administrative Service, only son of the late Charles Dickinson and Mrs. Dickinson, of Moyne, Greystones, Ireland, will marry Ann Joyce, daughter of the late Robert Owen and Mrs. Owen, of Liscelta, Greystones, Ireland. The wedding will take place at Farnborough, Hants.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. M. H. C. Young, the Black Watch, only son of Brigadier-General H. G. Young, C.I.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. Young of Skeffington Lodge, Antrim, Ulster, and Elizabeth, younger daughter of the late Richard Blakiston Houston, of Roddens, Co. Down, and Mrs. Blakiston Houston,



MISS EVE BETHELL

The only child of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Bethell, who is engaged to Lieutenant W. Seymour Bracegirdle, R.A.N., elder son of Captain Leighton Seymour Bracegirdle, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.A.N., and Mrs. Bracegirdle, of Government House Cottage, Canberra

eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Berridge, formerly of Elsenham, Essex, and Dorothy Prendergast, daughter of the late Brigadier-General C. G. Prendergast, C.B., Indian Army, and of Mrs. Prendergast, of Jersey; Mr. H. E. Petre, second son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Petre, of Pinecroft, Weybridge, and Rosemary

Sonia, elder daughter of the late Mr. B. Gottschalk and Mrs. Gottschalk, Exeter House, S.W.15; Captain R. R. Gregory, Royal Engineers, elder son of the late Major A. J. R. Gregory, D.S.O., R.G.A., and of Mrs. C. E. N. Western, of St. Benedicts, Seafield Avenue, Exmouth, and Martha Kirkland, younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel R. R. Grigor, D.S.O., and Mrs. Grigor, of Balclutha, New Zealand; Mr. C. W. Dilke, youngest son of Sir Fisher and Lady Dilke, of Lepe Point, Exbury, and Miss Alice Mary Best, eldest daughter of the Hon. James and Mrs. Best, of Melplash, Dorset; Mr. G. G. Thompson, younger son of Sir Percy and Lady Thompson, of London, and Janet Galbraith, second daughter of Mrs. Smith and the late Mr. A. Smith, of British Columbia. Flight-Lieutenant G. F. Lerwill, R.A.F., younger son of Squadron-Leader F. W. H. Lerwill, O.B.E., and Mrs. Lerwill, and Vita Cleopatra, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, D.S.O., O.B.E., and Mrs. Brown



MISS BABETTE HAMILTON-SMITH

The only daughter of Mrs. J. F. Hardy-Smith, and the late Hon. F. H. Hamilton-Smith, who is engaged to Mr. J. B. B. Ferguson, Royal Tank Regiment, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Ferguson, Abbotsdene, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham

In our issue of May 10 we published a photograph of Miss Cicely Robinson stating that she was engaged to Lt.-Cdr. H. C. R. Alexander. We are now informed that Miss Robinson was married to Lt.-Cdr. Alexander on April 1. We wish to apologize for any annoyance the error may have caused

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Lips by Lenthéric

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Fresh and gay as spring itself comes Lenthéric's *Hunting Pink* lipstick to make life merrier. It is clear red; without orange, without blue, and it doesn't change colour on the lips! All Lenthéric lipsticks retain their true shade after being applied. Texture is lovely too, very *fine*, not dry or greasy. Wear *Hunting Pink* with clear colours. With the bluey-reds which have another lease of life this season, wear *Deep Orchid*. *Hunting Pink* is No. 2. *Deep Orchid* is No. 7. Black and Gold case: 5/6. White case: 4/6 & 2/6

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ROUND ABOUT NOTES

On Monday next the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company will commence the fourth week of the seven weeks' season of Gilbert and Sullivan operas at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings (20th and 21st) the only performances of *The Sorcerer* during the season will be given, preceded by *Box & Cox*.

Originally produced at the Opera Comique in 1875, *The Sorcerer* is perhaps the least known of all the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, but is one of the best. In *The Sorcerer* is perhaps some of Sullivan's most tuneful music, including the rendering of Dr. Daly's famous ballad, "Time was when Love and I were well Acquainted." After the present Sadler's Wells season, London will not see the D'Oyly Carte Company for quite a long time. Their usual summer vacation will follow this season, and the company will then go on an extended tour of the big provincial cities.

Visitors to Paris this summer will find that the French capital, despite the "jitters" elsewhere in the world, has kept its traditional festive mood. For the last few years the Commissariat des Fêtes de Paris has offered brilliant events during the "Grande Saison" (May-July) and this year they have planned a still more ambitious programme. On June 16 there will be an unusual theatrical performance of Racine's classic, *Les Plaideurs*, which will be held not in a theatre—but, appropriately enough, on the massive steps of the municipal law courts, the Palais de Justice. On Sunday, June 18, sports lovers will have to choose between attending the Coupe de Paris Polo Match at the Bagatelle, the "Grand Prix" Walking Race at the Tuileries, and at the racecourse of Auteuil the "Grand Steeplechase." Music lovers will have the rare treat of hearing César Franck's masterpiece, *Les Béatitudes* performed at the Saint Clotilde Church, under the direction of Alfred Cortot, on June 22. A characteristic fête of Parisian elegance will be the "Night of Flowers" in the smart Pré Catalan of the Bois de Boulogne, and there are countless other attractions—floodlit horse races, polo matches at Bagatelle and many other events. In collaboration with the Commissariat, the French National Railways offer considerable reductions in fares to tourists during the "Grande

Saison," making a visit to France remarkably inexpensive and therefore all the more attractive in these hard-up times.

The Social Committee of the Women's Division of the Liberal National Council is arranging a dinner-dance to be held in London at the Park Lane Hotel on Wednesday, June 21, which is the evening before the return of Their Majesties from Canada. Lady Simon is chairman of the Social Committee and she has also been asked to take the chair at the dinner. Four of the Liberal National Cabinet Ministers—Sir John Simon, Mr. Ernest Brown, Mr. Hore-Belisha, and Mr. Burgin—have consented to speak, and it is hoped that Lord Runciman will also do so. The Countess Beauchamp is vice-chairman of the committee.

Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, write us: "A poor gentlewoman with absolutely no income is stricken with osteo-arthritis, crippled and in acute and unceasing pain. She is sixty years old and was supported by her brother, who was in the Army until his sudden death; now she is literally destitute and is being temporarily housed by a kind friend. Please, send us a little financial help for this poor lady."



IN "TROUBLE BREWING" GOOGIE WITHERS AND GEORGE FORMBY

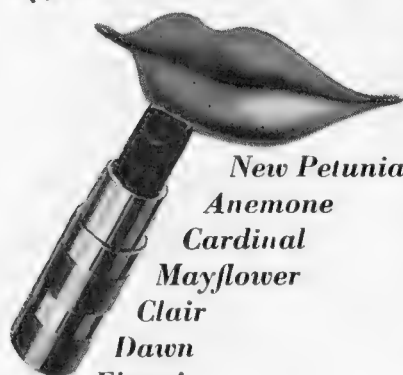
This film, which is to have its West End première on June 19, at the London Pavilion, had its world première aboard H.M.S. *Ark Royal*, an occasion for which some people thought the film was very well named—for there was an ensuing sensation of the front page kind

John C. Wilson in association with Howard Wyndham, Bronson Albery and H. M. Tennant Ltd., presented Noel Coward's comedy *Design for Living* at the Savoy Theatre on Tuesday last, June 13, at 8.30 p.m. This is the first time that a Coward comedy has been shown at a West End theatre at popular prices, and following the trend towards cheaper prices *Design for Living* is one of the best examples of Coward's work to be presented to the new and ever-growing group of theatre-goers.

A Charity Cricket Match will be played at Ellens, Rudgwick, Sussex, on June 18 (Sunday). The match is Ellens v. Mr. P. G. H. Fender's XI. The hours of play are 11.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. Admission to the ground costs 1s. and 2s. 6d. The proceeds will be distributed between the Ellens Charity Fund and the Rendlesham Benevolent Fund for N.H. lockeys.

In our issue of May 31 we published a photograph purporting to be the Hon. David Herbert and Countess Beauchamp. It has now been pointed out to us that the lady in question is not Countess Beauchamp and we apologise for the error and any annoyance it may have caused.

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FIRST RACE 3 P.M.



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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

It is the duty of every one who takes a dog about to see that it is well behaved, especially when it is taken to hotels. Hotels, as a rule, are extremely good about dogs and usually welcome them. After all, it is only a matter of training and a little trouble to make a dog behave well. Some people appear to have no conscience either about their dogs or their children.

ren; both are allowed to make themselves a nuisance to other people. Obedience tests have shown how dogs can be trained, and how intelligence is not the monopoly of any special breed, and it is entirely the fault of the owner if the dog behaves badly. It is very bad for other people who have well-behaved dogs, as one badly behaved one gives all breeds a bad name.

The Irish Wolfhound is the tallest of all dogs. For some time after his revival as a breed, size and head were of the chief importance, other qualities rather suffered. In this century wiser councils have prevailed, and soundness is now essential in a Wolfhound. To this end, coursing meetings have been arranged and it is a fine sight to see these splendid dogs galloping. Prominent among those who have worked to this end is Mrs. Nagle, to her no dog, however imposing, is any use unless it can move properly. She has at this moment a large kennel of enormous dogs, all of whom can gallop with ease. As those who have reared Irish Wolfhounds know, this is no easy job. Mrs. Nagle's dogs combine soundness with quality and there are several champions in her kennels. The photograph is of one of the latest débutants, Sulhamstead Flute, by Ch. Killarney of Ouborough ex Ch. Sulhamstead Fiana, dame of Ch. Sulhamstead Fella. Flute was best Irish Wolfhound at Worthing, where he gained his Junior Warrant, the first

Irish Wolfhound to do so. The judge's critique was: "Beautiful dog, free mover, a dog for the wide open spaces," which I am sure must have pleased Mrs. Nagle.

Mrs. Barr has a kennel of three breeds. Irish Wolfhounds, Salukis and Dachshunds. The photograph is of a family of Salukis. There are some puppies for sale, these

are exceptionally well-

bred and should be suitable either for show, coursing or as companions. The Saluki is a beautiful dog, one of the oldest, if not the oldest, pure breed. They make delightful companions, being affectionate and intelligent, besides being beautiful to look at. Mrs. Barr usually has puppies of all three breeds for sale, and is always pleased to show her dogs to visitors by appointment.

The charming little King Charles's Spaniel is again coming into his own. He makes an ideal companion, being highly intelligent, very attractive in his ways, affectionate and not at all delicate. The Spaniel family is a very old one, there have probably always been dogs of Spaniel type, and always small ones as house dogs. They were well known as small companions long before the dogs of the Stuarts. Mrs. de Pedro owns a well-known kennel of King Charles's. She has all the four colours, and always has puppies for sale, also older dogs. The photograph is of one of her black and tan bitches. All Mrs. de Pedro's dogs have her personal attention and are well trained and carefully brought up. No dog could be more desirable to have about the house, not only because of his qualities mentioned above but also because of his adaptability and decorativeness. Visitors are always welcome at her house in New Malden.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, near Southampton.



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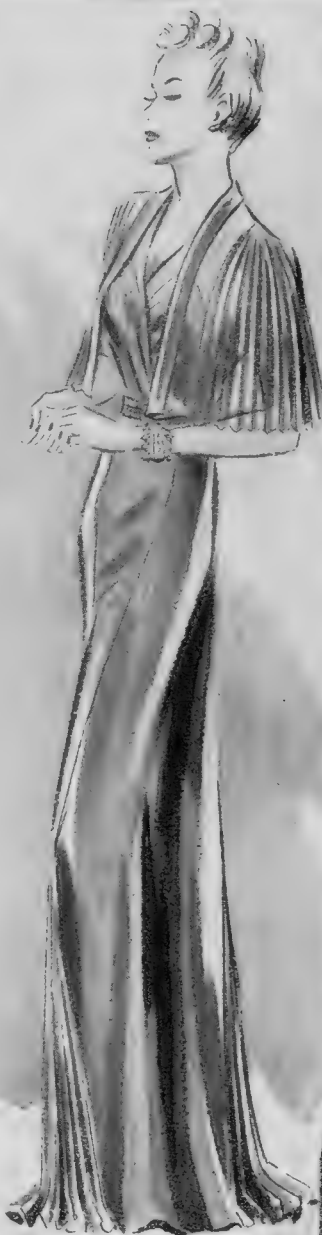
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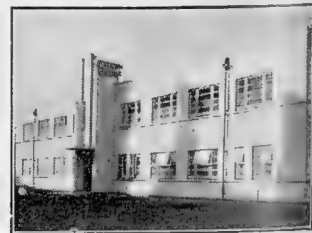
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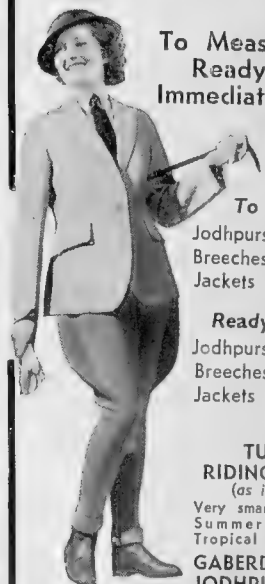
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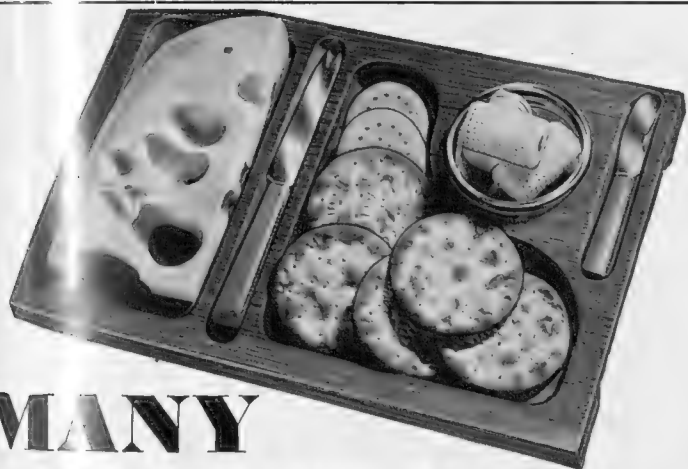
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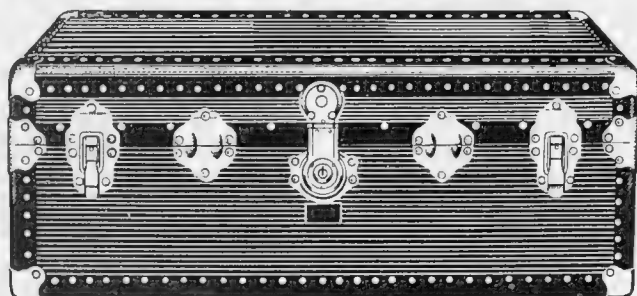
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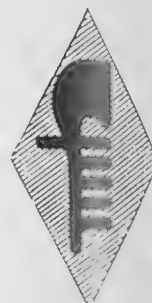
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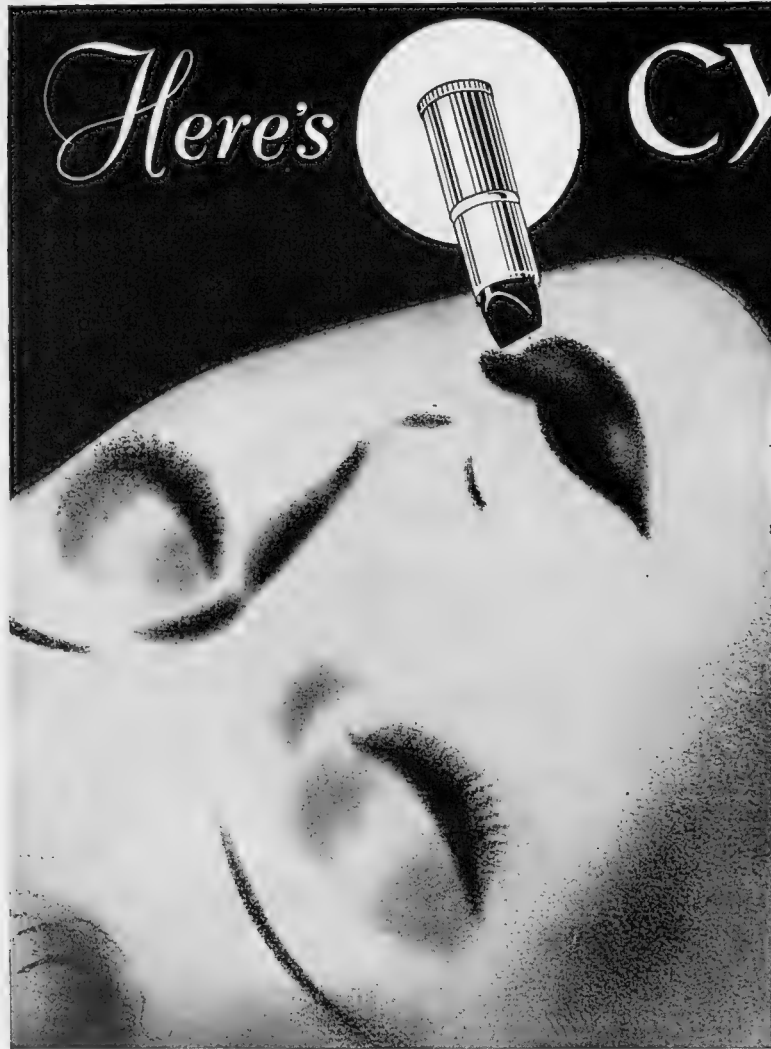


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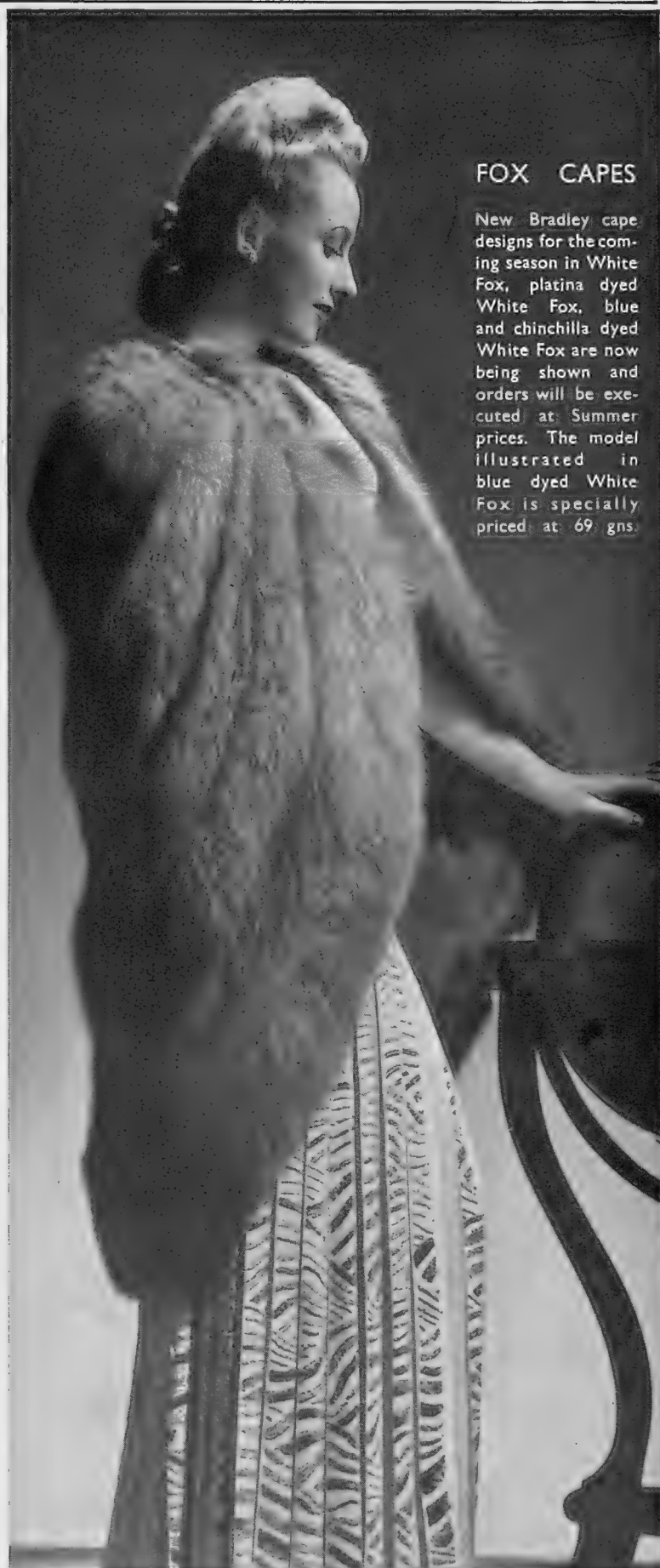
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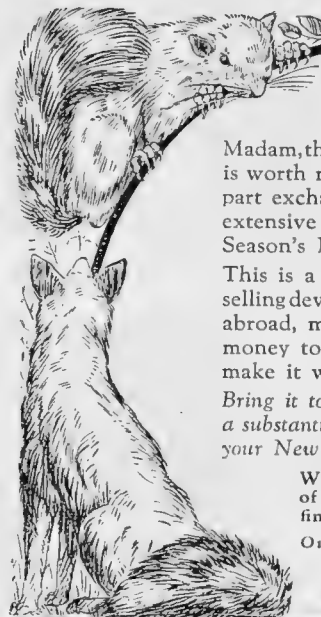
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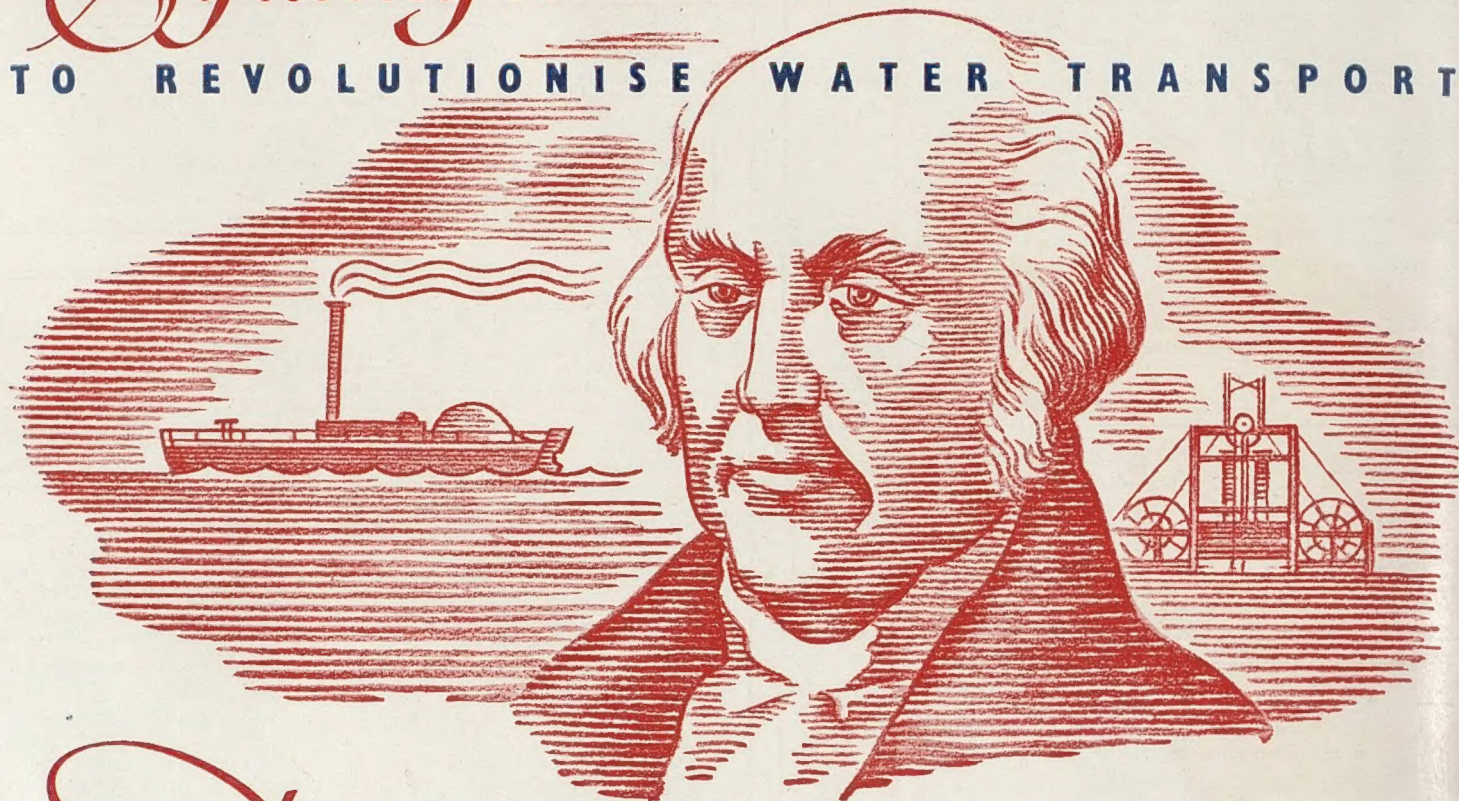
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